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The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 94.

[PUBLISHED
EVERY MONDAY.]

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 20TH, 1910.

ONE PENNY.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

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No. 94.

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 20TH, 1910.

ONE PENNY.

THE MEANNESS OF POLITICS. HOW ALL PARTIES DESCEND TO CONTEMPTIBLE METHODS.

Let us consider calmly and in an entirely workmanlike and unbiassed spirit the tactics used at every election by all the political parties concerned in it. In the first place, display is conspicuous by its absence from these contests. The object of each party is to score off all the others; and so long as this is done, the nature of the method used does not appear to matter.

For instance, does a street orator stand up to make a speech? He is howled down at once by a crowd of lusty-lunged hooligans. And why are those hooligans there? Because they have been paid by the opponents of the speaker. But the candidate in whose favour that orator is speaking is every whit as bad as his adversaries.

He is in all probability a liar. Though honest, in private life, a man of the strictest integrity, he is, nevertheless, on the platform a retailer of untruths of the most brazen type.

Lying is unblushingly adopted by all parties. The Socialist who tells his credulous supporters all about the iniquitous cruelty and consciousness of the "demon dukes," the Tory who thunders forth his indictment of the Red revolutionists who seek to hand their country over to the mercy of the foreigner—both are telling lies, and both of them know it.

Our Party leaders do not possess the dignity that characterised their great political predecessors. They are lesser souls in every way.

An instance of this was furnished recently. In the course of an electioneering campaign an eminent politician had been making statements that were described—and without a shadow of doubt, rightly—as lies by certain of his opponents. But in order to bring about a revulsion of popular feeling against this politician, the leader of another party made a public oration, impeaching not the speaker's electioneering methods, but his personal character.

It is pleasant to reflect that this unheard-of action brought upon itself the subsequent censure of the House of Commons.

Probably the meanest political device is the threatening of tenants. Say, for instance, that one of the candidates for a constituency is a large landowner in the district. He will have no difficulty in forcing his tenants to vote for him. All he has to do is to throw out discreetly-veiled hints, through his agents, that if the tenants do not oblige him in this way he in return will raise their rent or give them notice to quit.

D. SADDLER.

CHEEK.

In the Maidenhead-Cookham reach, Miss Marie Löhr is looked upon as the best lady punter. She is certainly inclined to put a bit more on than many other damsels of that district.

"M.A.P." has an article on "What My Lady Wears at the Seaside." Her costume is exactly what it was long ago when Shakespeare wrote "Tis something—nothing."

A contemporary has just discovered that King George is the owner of an excellent whisky distillery. THE MODERN MAN, by the way, has always appreciated His Majesty's splendid spirit.

A writer in "London Opinion" says "The question of colour is soon settled." We hasten to explain that he is referring to clothes, and not to the Jeffries-Johnson contest.

The Archbishop of Canterbury deprecates "The mania for short cuts." As a divine, he naturally would condemn stealing anything—even runs.

To be a great actress evidently does not satisfy Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's ambition. She has lately become a great-grandmother.

Says "Life":
"Hope springs eternal in the patient husband's breast.
Wife always is to be but never is quite dressed."
A really loving spouse wouldn't want her to be.

Miss Priscilla Craven observes: "I am sure there will be nobody left to sing 'Home Sweet Home' soon, only miners in Australia." This should be a slight consolation to men who would like to go out there but can't.

"There is a treasure, if you can only find it, in the heart of every man," declares the Right Hon. Winston Churchill. The Suffragettes say that he is the exception that proves the rule.

Judge Bacon observes that "Every woman knows her exact age when she is married." But she doesn't always state it correctly on the licence.

"Activity," observes Mr. George Bernard Shaw, "is the only road to knowledge." The activity, we presume, of the hand that holds the cane.

I. S. COX.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A CASE SHOWING THAT IT IS NOT ALWAYS RELIABLE.

If we refused to accept circumstantial evidence as a matter of principle, we should allow many criminals to escape the punishment they merited, but in crimes where there are no actual witnesses the prisoner should have the benefit of any doubt which may exist.

How often circumstantial evidence has been the means of bringing an innocent man to the scaffold there is no means of computing, but the following case, told by Lord Chief Justice Dyer in his Memoirs, is a striking example of how such evidence may be misleading.

The victim was found in a field stabbed to death with a pitchfork. The initials of a certain farm labourer appeared on the fork, and he was promptly arrested. Search was made in his house and a bloodstained suit was found hidden in a mattress.

The evidence of guilt was so conclusive that Lord Chief Justice Dyer, who tried the case, was surprised that the jury troubled to retire to consider their decision. He was more surprised when they kept to their room hour after hour, and most surprised of all when next morning, after an all-night deliberation, they brought in a verdict of Not Guilty.

His lordship called the foreman into his private room, pledged himself to secrecy concerning anything that might be said at the interview, and asked him to explain why the jury had brought in such a verdict. The foreman informed the judge that he was the only person who considered the prisoner not guilty, and he had simply starved his fellow-jurymen into agreeing with his opinion. His reason for doing so was that he himself had killed the dead man!

The victim of the tragedy had encountered the foreman, had abused his official position by attempting to exact tithes which were not due, and in a dispute and fight which followed, had attempted to stab the foreman with a pitchfork which he carried and which he had taken from the farm where the prisoner lived.

The foreman seized the pitchfork, and in parrying a blow stabbed the victim. He then threw down the fork and departed.

The prisoner, coming along presently and seeing a wounded man on the ground, knelt down to help him. He then saw that the man was dead and that his own clothes were covered with blood from the wound. In panic and fear of being arrested, he dashed to his own house and concealed the stained suit.

It all sounds like a romance, but it is a romance of real life, and of the kind that is as liable to happen now as then.

H. J. LOVELESS.

GOVERNMENT SLAVES



III.—THE POLICE FORCE.

Of all the branches of the Government service the one with which the general public comes into most intimate contact is the Police Force. Yet, despite the inherent suspicion, not to say dislike, which the average Briton harbours for any man in authority, there is no body of men so popular with the crowd as our "bobbies."

There is a tendency, however, to under-rate the pluck required by a man who volunteers for police work. Like the soldier, they must always be prepared to risk their lives for the general welfare; but, unlike the soldier, that risk is frequently occurring. When it does, be it said to their credit, it is never shirked.

A DANGEROUS CALLING.

Only a week or two ago I was walking down a street in a provincial town and found a crowd gathered around one of the houses. A man had gone suddenly mad, I was told, and the people in the house had managed to lock him in the room.

It was the policeman, of course, who was called upon to open the door and secure him, and though the constable, who appeared a few minutes later, was quite a young man and could not have been in the service long, he showed no trace of fear as he walked straight into the room.

As it happened, the man was not violent, but the risk was there all the same, and a considerable risk at that.

Surely, then, the policeman is worthy of every consideration, and everything possible should be done to make his work as pleasant as possible.

Is this done?

The heading at the top of this page is a sufficient reply. "Robert" is indeed too often nothing but a Government slave.

It is with the organisation and the superior officers of the force that the blame lies.

THE FEAR OF THE OFFICER.

The policeman is wholly dependent on his superiors in the service, and, should he offend some martinet of a sergeant or superintendent, his career is practically ruined.

One of the regulations of the force on which most stress is laid, is that every courtesy should be shown by the police to the general public.

A great deal is heard of the pompous policeman, but it is little else than a tradition fostered by the music-halls, and, though a policeman is severely punished if a member of the public proves incivility on his part, it is a very rare occurrence for such a complaint to be made.

The policeman's duties with regard to the

public, however, are made irksome and difficult because of the prevailing custom among a great many officers of the force of punishing a man for gossiping if he is seen talking to a passer-by.

I have talked to many policemen about this, and they all complained bitterly.

Can it be wondered at if, under existing circumstances, policemen are tempted to be "short" with people who make inquiries of them?

A PREPOSTEROUS SYSTEM.

The most obvious injustice, however, that the police labour under is the method of awarding promotion.

Before a man can become a sergeant, and from a sergeant rise to the rank of superintendent, he has to pass two examinations, one on law and police regulations generally, and the other a Civil Service examination as to general education.

Now, if these examinations were thrown open to any man of so many years' standing, there would be nothing to complain of; but before a policeman is allowed to sit for the examination he must get the recommendation of his superintendent, a preposterous idea, opening the way, as it does, for any amount of petty tyranny and unfairness.

A further disadvantage is that a man passing the law and regulations examination but failing in the educational examination, has to take both over again.

THE POLICEMAN AS A SCHOLAR.

The men have a grievance with regard to the preparation for these examinations. Their duties preclude any possibility of their attending night-school, and no official instruction is given the men.

It is true that once a month the men on night duty are supposed to receive instruction from the sergeant or the inspector with regard to the police laws and regulations. All the instruction that is offered at these times, however, are readings from the general orders, and if a man asks questions he is merely told to read his regulations.

Now in the police regulations the word "discretion" is constantly occurring, and a young constable naturally requires some teaching as to its interpretation.

An obvious way out of the difficulty would be to create a staff of lecturers, who would be men who had served as sergeants or inspectors but had passed special examinations, and they could travel from one station to another.

FARCICAL TUITION.

As it is, these monthly lessons or "orders," as they are called, are absolute farces, and, as only the men on night-duty receive them, it frequently happens that a man cannot attend more than once in three months.

With regard to preparing for the Civil Service examination, the men are left to their own resources entirely, and it is greatly to their credit that they are persevering enough to club together and employ some school teacher to give them instruction at convenient hours.

Another very grave grievance that the men in many districts have against their superiors, is that they are bullied if they do not bring in charges. Obviously this is the best possible way of fostering trumped-up charges and injustice to the public generally.

It will be remembered, perhaps, that there was almost a mutiny at Vine Street on this account some three years ago, the affair being so serious as to get into the newspapers.

A striking example of the hopeless muddling that goes on among the higher

officials occurred some time ago when a policeman was charged with stealing a sovereign. After the case was settled, it was discovered that the man had been dismissed from the force some years previously, and had actually been allowed to rejoin, and this under the same name.

OFFICERS AND THE CLUBS.

The men grumble also at the manner in which the various police clubs are managed, alleging that at the police galas and concerts a large part of the ticket money is used for the entertainment of the inspectors and the officials generally and their friends.

A case which has recently come before the public is that of ex-inspector John Syme, of B Division of the Metropolitan Police Force, who alleges that his superiors have conspired against him, and that he has been dismissed wrongfully.

Mr. Syme is doing his best to force an impartial inquiry, and he will probably succeed. Let us hope that the result will be the removal of some of these blots upon one of the noblest branches of our Government Service.

T. A. SUMMERS.

MACKEREL SKY.

From Ireland comes the weather prophecy:

"Mackerel sky, twelve hours dry."

A genuine "mackerel sky," however, is all too rarely seen. It is so called from the appearance in it of round, isolated, non-fleecy little clouds, in shape and colour like the scales of a mackerel. The French call it a "dappled sky."

Other signs of fine weather, if there is any in England—I am writing in this objugated summer—are woolly, fleece-like clouds, for according to an old saying:

"If woolly fleeces spread the heavenly way,

Be sure no rain disturbs the summer's day.

Heavy dews in hot weather are a good sign, and so too are mists which rise in low ground and soon vanish.

When kites fly high fine weather is coming, and the same may be safely prophesied when chickweed expands its leaves boldly and fully.

But what's the use of talking of fine weather signs in this country!

THE TENDENCY OF THE TIMES.

To the more thoughtful and even-minded of us—and our conception of our readers is clear that they come under this category—it is striving after up-to-dateness.

Just as women seek to array themselves in clothes that are of the latest fashion and regard with contempt a dress that is more than two months or so old, so do a great many foolish people of both sexes strive to live and to behave after the manner of the latest craze of the "smart" world.

The theatres are largely responsible for this. The modern tendency towards the production of "Society" plays has instilled a certain amount of discontent into the minds of people who lack what is called a "sense of proportion." Thus we find people who cannot in reality afford to do so, living in expensive places, flats for choice, and for this reason denying themselves many of the real necessities of life.

Nowadays you will see many youngsters going about with unbuttoned gloves on, with the flaps turned back over their hands. This is because in a recent London play a well-known actor was observed to wear his in this way.

Have you noticed that a lot of "highly refined" people, when they wish to express approval, say that a thing is "quite good." This is because the phrase cropped up frequently in a recent "Society" play. The cult of the present day is the art of being asinine.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By R. D. CROMBIE.

(Dramatic Rights Reserved.)

THE SACRIFICE



again on Thursday—his time was wholly occupied for to-morrow—or he would write to her if she would leave her address. You see, once the girl was married, and safely away on honeymoon, the chance of bluffing the woman would be increased a hundred-fold. It would be devilish for the girl to know that her mother was a harlot.

"Yes; there was no immediate hurry. She had only arrived from Buenos Aires that morning. After persistent inquiries she had ascertained where Jack had moved to, and promptly followed him up. He could communicate with her at a certain hotel in Liverpool.

"I breathed easier. Whether Jack did I don't know, but his hand as he made a note of the hotel and her name was as steady as a rock. He took a step towards the door.

"But she was in no anxiety to go yet. It was her trade to fascinate men, and she set about fascinating us. It was a profoundly uncomfortable five minutes.

"At last she got off the table, taking stock of the room as she did so. And I saw her eyes fasten on a photograph on the mantelpiece. They fastened on it and did not move, as she slowly crossed towards it. Picking it up, she scrutinised it, and then turned.

"You liars," she said quietly.

"Of course it was a photograph of the girl, taken when she was about twelve years old, though how her mother knew her God alone can tell.

"Neither of us answered a word. She gave a subdued, cynical laugh, and with her hands on her hips, sauntered round the room, examining everything, ultimately stopping at another photograph of her daughter, evidently taken not long since.

"She is very beautiful," she said, and some note of calculation in her voice made me cold.

"Suddenly she swayed round, triumphant and sneering.

"Where is she?" she asked.

"That," said Jack Barnet, steadily, "is my daughter."

"She is also mine."

"You are entirely mistaken."

"Tss! English pig!"

"She slid up to him, her fists clenched, and I thought she was going to strike him. Altering her mind, she made for the door, but he strode after her and pulled her back, and that gave the show away completely.

"Well, Jack asked her how much she would take to go away, asked her quite calmly, but with, nevertheless, a rather terrible calm. She immediately began to act. It was not money she wanted, it was her *muchachita*, her little girl. She could not live without her. She had come all this long way to find her, and would take her back there, to devote her life to making her happy—you know the fulsome stuff. It was not even good acting; she did it brazenly with a laugh on her lips. And Jack Barnet, at intervals, increased his bribe from five hundred to a thousand, and from a thousand to two, and so on till he reached eight thousand, where he stopped. That figure, I believe, represented beggary.

"You cannot take her," he said. "You have no legal claim. I will pay you to go away, because she is happy with the mother she has got."

"Madre de Dios! am I not her mother? She must see me. She must choose."

"What do you want her for?" I put in, seeing Jack weaken.

"Quien es este colchon?" she said. (Who is this pig?)

"You want her to make money out of her," I continued. "You want her for the establishment you run."

"What's this?" said Jack.

"This woman, I told him, 'keeps a brothel in Buenos Aires. Her own charms are

"But that was only the beginning of the strangeness. When coincidences come, they come not in single spies, but in battalions. There's another pseudo-Shakespearean quotation for you! Even so, it is inadequate.

"I expect you've guessed the sequel. 'The real mother turned up!' you are inwardly exclaiming. And by all the gods, you're right.

"A maid entered as we were drinking to the dear girl's happiness with full-charged glasses. A lady to see Mr. Barnet; no name, but urgently important."

"And in she came. Jack Barnet, I could see, recognised her like a shot, and like a shot made up his mind to pretend he hadn't.

"For one look at her was enough to proclaim the sort of woman she was. She was flamboyantly dressed, she radiated perfume, and there was that hard recklessness in her eyes and smile on her tinted lips which no man of experience can ever mistake.

"Moreover, I knew her; I had seen her elsewhere. . . . But I'll come to that presently. She sent not a glance at me; all her attention was on Jack Barnet. And if I never understood an Englishman's self-command, I understood it then.

"What can I do for you, madam?" he quietly asked her.

"No; she had not come to demand her child, but she wanted to know where she could find her, and she was rather cold-bloodedly business-like about it. Jack Barnet did not quite follow her. What child? She fluently gave him particulars, using good English with hardly a trace of an accent.

"We were all standing, and there was something dangerously electric in the atmosphere. I knew Jack was thinking of the women upstairs; we could even hear their footsteps in the room above us; and any moment one or the other might run in for something.

"Jack could not remember the precise case. Such requests were not uncommonly made to a solicitor, but in each instance the mother voluntarily relinquished all future claims on the child, and generally signed a document to that effect. As, apparently, the matter had been legally arranged, she doubtless possessed a copy of that document.

"She admitted she didn't, and looked baffled. Then she unceremoniously sat on the table and began another voluble explanation. She had a full and rounded figure, and would have been a pretty woman, with her dark hair and flashing eyes and teeth, but for something ineffably coarse in her composition, and that hard, repellant glitter of the shameless.

"Jack's memory was still at fault, but he promised to search through his books for a record of the transaction. Would she call

"A man was writing to his friend—

"I've come to the conclusion that there are epidemics of coincidences the same as of murder or measles. Just listen to this!

"Tuesday of this week I ran across a man in an English country town whom I hadn't seen for nearly twenty years. He is a solicitor in a prosperous way, with a charming wife,

—yes, a very charming grown-up daughter. He took me home with him and introduced me, and I found I had fallen among

grown-up daughter was to be married on the morrow.

"It may have been the joyful occasion that made Jack Barnet expansive, or perhaps he remembered that in the old days, when we shared a flat in town, we shared confidences

with it; at any rate, he told me a story.

"Get an idea of the man first. He is genial and homely, stout of course, with a brown beard and a healthy skin, and shrewd, honest blue eyes. Altogether English, not too much brains, and totally devoid of the artistic temperament.

"Judge of my surprise, then, when he told me that the charming grown-up daughter wasn't his own. His wife had never had any youngsters, and never would have.

"It wasn't generally known; the girl herself didn't know; and he bound me to secrecy after letting it out. (As Jack Barnet isn't his name, there's no harm in my repeating the essential details.) The girl had been theirs since an infant, and meant just as much to them as the ordinary sort.

"Well, Jack told me of it while the women were upstairs, busy, no doubt, with the packing of the trousseau. We were in his den, a room which he used as a home-office, and it transpired that it was no unusual thing for clients to come and interview him there.

"The story ran like this. On leaving London, fully equipped for his profession, he went to Liverpool and endeavoured to work up a practice with no capital, married meanwhile (with the daring of youth), and soon found himself in difficulties. Then one day a woman sailed into his office with a baby in her arms, planked the baby down on his desk, and said she wanted him to find a home for it. A solatium of a hundred pounds was to accompany the gift.

"Jack, naturally staggered, had no time to protest, for she gabbed forth a history of how some blackguard had run away with her from the sunny land of somewhere, subsequently deserted her; and now she was off back on a steamer sailing that very day, determined to leave the encumbrance behind.

"She was foreign, Jack said; Spanish, he thought; and in no end of a flurry of excitement. He merely stared when she shoved the banknotes into his hand, and continued to stare at the open door for several moments after she had gone. It had flashed across him that he might as well adopt the baby himself. He is one of those men who keep ready by the aid of children—and I have all mentioned about his wife.

"Well, the child's howl disturbed his meditations, and, as he facetiously punned it, 'The notes were good!'

"So he took it home, and there was much rejoicing thereat. Nothing on the clothes provided any clue to identity, and shortly afterwards the family moved to the town where they're now living, and everything went on auspicious and serene. He said she had brought him luck, and had been everything a daughter ought to be, and there was moisture in his honest blue eyes as he said it.

"Thus the situation when I, a wanderer all over the earth, came so strangely into contact with him again.

fading, and she thinks the introduction of fresh blood—

"My God!" said Jack.

"The woman turned on me like a cat. 'How should you know if you had not been inside to see?' she hissed.

"And, by gad, it silenced me.

"Well, the mask was off now, and she bid Jack up to ten thousand. I suppose she considered that was more than her daughter would be worth; and Jack consented, with sweat on his forehead. The extra two thousand he would raise, if need be, and work like a horse till it was paid.

"But no sooner had he consented than she declared she wouldn't take the money. I never understood the feminine nature, so make as much of what followed as you can.

"She began her protestations of love again, practically in the same words as before, but, on my soul, I believe this time they were real. And she worked herself up into a storm of tears, collapsing into a chair and rocking to and fro.

"Then in the midst of it the girl walked in.

"Old man, it was wonderful! That girl, as pure and sweet as any you could find, just looked at the woman, asked quickly what was the matter, got no answer, and went down on her knees and put her arms around her. And, what do you think? She was in her wedding-dress!

"Well, we watched, terrified, but somehow half expectant. And the woman ceased crying presently, and putting her hands on the girl's brow, looked long at her.

"Heaven knows what she saw in her face; Heaven knows what prompted her to decide as she did—perhaps, in a way, she felt that, left unharmed, her daughter's life might compensate for her own—but she simply said,

"Carina, are you not afraid of me?"

"No. Why should I be? Tell me why you are crying."

"Positively that girl perceived no evil in her. She only saw a fellow-woman in distress.

"My trouble matters nothing," the woman went on. "You are very beautiful, carissima. What is that dress?"

"My wedding dress. I was trying it on. I am going to be married to-morrow."

"So they talked, the girl frankly, the woman with a strange hungry earnestness.

"And the end of it?"

"She said not another word to us. She looked at us once—a slow, accusing gaze. And she kissed her daughter in a manner that I have seen women kiss the foot of a cross. Kissed her once, and passed her hands lingeringly over her.

"Then she went away.

"There is no dignity like the tragic dignity of a Spanish woman. . . ."

SMOKING IN BED.

Probably every smoker has been solemnly warned at some time or other—either by his mother or his landlady—about the terrible dangers of smoking in bed; and in a spirit of kind consideration for their peace of mind he has promised not to indulge in this habit. But if he smokes a pipe, here is a very easy way of enjoying a luxurious smoke in bed in complete safety.

Beg, borrow, or buy a long indiarubber tube about a third of an inch in diameter, fix one end on to your pipe, and into the other end insert a mouthpiece taken from a discarded weapon.

Then affix your pipe to a table close to the bed, by means of a pair of scissors stuck, prong-fashion, over the stem into the table.

Now all you have to do is to light up, get into your couch, and smoke your "hookah" like an Eastern potentate. And if you fall asleep, letting the tube slip from your mouth, no harm will be done. The pipe will remain in position on the table; and the tobacco will slowly burn itself out.

WRESTLING AS A SPORT

SHOWING HOW YOU
MAY ENJOY IT
WITHOUT
POSSESSING GREAT
STRENGTH.

The word "wrestling" to the average man conjures up a vision of an eighteen-stone giant with an enormous chest and a superabundance of over-developed muscle, and also—had to say there is, unfortunately, some reason for it—an enormous amount of swank.

It must be admitted that the wrestlers we see at the music-hall are usually of this type, but it is of wrestling as practised among amateurs that I want to talk.

Wrestling of this kind can never fail to appeal to a man if he has anything of the sporting instinct. The strenuous close grip, the sustained effort, the elemental forces of one man meeting those of another, all give wrestling a charm which appeals especially to the British mind.

Let me say at once there is no idea more mistaken than the idea that a wrestler must be possessed of a big neck, a gigantic chest, and enormous muscles. True, a strong man holds a great advantage over a weak one, but you would not pit a weak man against a strong one in any athletic sport. Strength is not the first consideration.

NO EXPENSE.

Another mistaken idea is that it is necessary to procure an expensive wrestling mat. What are the grass-covered fields for?

So far as my own experience goes, the mat is not yet made that can compare with the fresh, green grass. There are few towns so placed as to have no fields within easy reach, and the very fact of having to walk a little way there and back is in itself an advantage.

Let us imagine ourselves out for a walk together in the fields. It is a fine cool evening, and we have that feeling, which comes at times to all healthy men, that we want to run, jump, or let steam off in some other way.

Someone suggests a wrestle. Good idea!

It does not take long to strip to the waist and throw our shoes off.

What a delicious thrill goes through your body as you stretch your bare arms above your head and feel the cool breeze on your chest and back!

GETTING TO WORK.

"Time!" A light hand-clasp, and we commence.

Cautiously, ever on the look-out for an opening, we move lithely and eagerly.

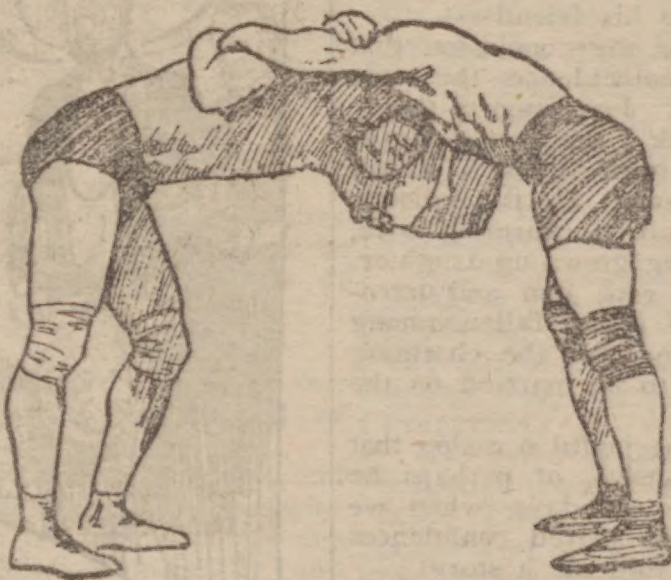
Every muscle feels free and anxious to be doing while the old, inborn love of conflict and the desire for mastery surges through our veins.

"Ah!" A sudden quick movement, and we are at grips.

Hold after hold I try, only to be blocked or countered until, eventually, I remember an old trick—no sooner remembered than practised.

Yes, he is turning. One shoulder is down.

Oh, the desire for victory! I will get that other shoulder down. Every muscle and nerve strains to win that last inch or so. Then, in my eagerness I reach too far over and sud-



denly I find myself gripped. A quick roll, and I am thrown clear of my opponent.

We jump to our feet, eager to recommence the battle, nerves tingling and the delicious thrill of health and joy of life gladdening our bodies.

There is something about wrestling that no other sport can give. In it one feels that primitive love of battle which has made out country what it is.

One learns to control one's temper, and to

acquire quickness; and as a physical development and self-defence wrestling is unrivalled.

Let me beg of you to strip some cool evening in the fields. Have a short, hard-fought bout with a pal, and if you don't feel a better man for it there is something wrong with your constitution.

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS.

The following hints may be of service. Get a good book on catch-can wrestling, or better still, have some lessons.

Practise often and don't leave one hold for another until you have thoroughly mastered it. When you have shaken hands and are ready to begin, don't stand stiffly with muscles set. Stand on the ball of the foot, and let all the muscles relax. In this position they are more under control and you do not become tired so quickly.

Practise easy locks at first and leave the more difficult ones until later. One good, simple hold, properly used, is far better than all the fancy ones you have not mastered.

Lastly be careful not to overdo your wrestling at first, and you will soon surprise yourself by your staying power and strength.

J. H. BROOM.

HOW MANY MILES TO —?

When you are walking or cycling in a strange country it is often desirable to know how far you are from a particular town or village, or, indeed, from any place. You may be depending on a wayside village for your bed, or you may have to meet a friend at a country station at a certain time.

Naturally the first thing you do is to ask how far it is. The sort of answers you get show you at once that local estimates of distance vary with each individual, and all these differ from the mileage on the signposts.

A labourer will tell you it's "about four and a half miles to —." You have your doubts, seeing that you had previously reckoned seven.

You ask a schoolboy, hoping he may know something of the geography of his district. "It'll be about six or seven mile," he informs you. The sign-post says five.

Then you meet an old dame trudging along. She puts it (having come the distance with a heavy basket) at "near seven miles, sir." The only way to get at anything like the truth is to add all the estimates together and strike an average. Even then you may be wrong.

But you will probably be nearer the truth than any of the individual estimates. The ignorance of the countryman as to the distances of places round about his own dwelling is appallingly profound.

NIGHT IN THE GARDEN.

AN EXPERIENCE WORTH THE SACRIFICE OF SLEEP.

Gardens are always beautiful at any hour of the day, whenever something beyond mere money and the ability to buy things to put in them has gone to their making.

At night the garden is a vastly different place from the garden by day, and it is much more interesting in many ways. The pity is that the night—or any part of it—is so seldom spent in strolling up and down the cropped lawns and level paths, in the enjoyment of the night atmosphere and the peculiarly sweet influence of the garden in the darkness.

There is, unhappily, a tendency among English householders to live rather by the clock than by the season. And so it happens that most houses are closed, and people retire within to lighted rooms, just when in reality the garden begins to be a place of exquisite attractiveness.

THE BECKONING LAMP.

When the sun has been streaming over the flowers for hours during the day, and when shade has been grateful, the garden has of course been a place to linger in. The colours of the flowers have been intense, and their enjoyment of the fiercest sun seems to suggest a defect in ourselves who fly to cooling drinks and sheltered nooks when the temperature goes up.

But at night they are even more attractive, for then they are more mysterious and are endowed with something approaching to personality.

You have sat out, perhaps after an afternoon of strenuous tennis. You have sat late after tea in a summer-house or tent, and the sun has gone down between the woods while you have smoked and chatted.

The heat has begun to lessen, and at the first suggestion of dew you begin to think of rising from your cushioned garden seat. Across the lawn, now growing dusky so that its far corners are not quite distinct, the nets and the empty chairs left by the women folk are being taken in.

Then your eye catches the newly-lighted lamp. Through the cool white curtains there is a gleam of light, softened, perhaps, by a shade of rose-pink silk. Someone passes to and fro, not hurriedly, but busily, and you hear the chink of silver and the sound of crockery.

DAMP AND CHILLY.

Then one by one the company strolls leisurely indoors, not caring to prolong the outdoor vigil "because it gets so damp and chilly." If the truth were told, the reason why people thus quit the garden is because convention has decreed that gardens are "damp and chilly" at evening, and because there is a bright lamp and a comfortable chair within.

The spell of the garden at night can never have touched those comfort-loving folk who must go in when a lamp is lighted.

You, however, stay on in your chair, not displeased that others have gone, with their chatter about odds and ends that do not interest you.

They have not gone long before the garden begins to assume a quite different atmosphere. For one thing, the sudden silence suits it well.

In the secluded and protected spaces of the lawn a spirit of rest settles. It is not the spirit of the sleeping earth such as falls over hills and open spaces, such as seems to fall from the stars themselves. It is a waking but restful spirit.

There is no real darkness on these garden



nights. The sky never quite loses its glow where the sun is travelling round below the horizon to its rising point again. You watch the pageant at intervals, and enjoy the immediate surroundings of the garden the better for the contrast.

Below the level of the enclosing shrubs the darkness is deeper than in the summer night sky. The bordering beds, where so many flowers made gorgeous colour by day, have sunk into a monotone of dusky foliage from which, however, a few points of colour still stand out with a subdued radiance.

Walking round the edge of the lawns you can stoop to individual flowers. Many of them are more fragrant now than in full daylight. Among other miracles worked by the cool night air is the distillation of fuller scent from many of the flowers, and sometimes, on the light airs that move in the closed-in garden, the scents are rich and delicate, adding to the charm of night.

INSECT LIFE.

Many things claim the attention. Strolling out of the little white gate on to the road, and wandering along the broad white track, the glowworm shines with pale and steady light in the roadside grass. Every few yards there is a blue-green point of light amongst the herbage.

With a humming of his wings the beetle "wheels his droning flight," perhaps blundering against your forehead with startling suddenness and dropping to the road. Round the edges of the trees innumerable chafers buzz, and sometimes if your eyes are sharp you will notice the soft-winged night-jar flying round about in excited playfulness, now and then snapping up a moth and darting off to the trees.

If there is water in the neighbourhood the herons in pairs will shout above you as they wheel in great circles round about the tree tops before descending. They are eerie birds and the sharp cries they utter startle one at first.

AFTER BEDTIME.

Returning from your stroll a voice appeals to you, probably from an upper window, to "come in out of the chilly air." You make some excuse, for the night's spell and the garden's attractiveness have you in their power still. The household goes to bed and the lamp burns lower in the room below.

You do not mean to go to bed yet, but you go quietly into the house, pour yourself out a drink, and take a bite of fruit, or something, to keep off the pangs of hunger. Then out into the garden again. Lighting a cigarette you make the surrounding darkness deeper for a moment, but your eyes again grow accustomed to the shadows.

Without doubt the garden has a soul. It is

conscious, and you are almost an intruder. Only your sympathy and silence will excuse your presence, but you must keep strolling now, for the dew is heavy and every seat is saturated.

The clock in the stable turret strikes two, slowly, solemnly, as if it, also, knew that the hours were long at this time of night.

And as the sound dies away, you hear, actually, a footstep on the road. It is a strange experience to stand unseen, unsuspected, in your garden, and watch, or, rather, listen, to the passing of someone on the road.

You try and judge from the pace and the nature of the footstep what manner of man—it surely is a man, you can be certain of that at least—is passing along at this hour.

LISTENING.

The imagination supplies all manner of explanations for his presence, and long after the sound of his steady gritty tread on the dry road has ceased you are still busy with conjecture.

Moths are dancing round the blossoms, the air is very still, the house stands silent and dark, even the garden begins to sleep, to shrink from the darkness, and the searching air of the very early morning. Now and then you, too, have yawned and thought of turning in.

Then carefully closing the door behind you, leaving its bolts unshot for fear of waking the sleepers, you take another drink. Creeping up the stairs, that creak as if intentionally at every step, you reach your room, and the garden when next you see it has put on its daylight appearance. M. BRUCE

A BATHING HINT.

There are few inventions so completely uncomfortable as the ordinary seaside bathing "machine." No "machine" is so ill-adapted to its purpose, and the pioneer who will supply a conveyance less clumsy, more easily moved, and having more regard to the convenience of the user will reap a fortune.

To reduce the discomfort entailed when using a machine it is always advisable to have two towels with you. Many people try and make shift with one, but the use of a second towel is a great luxury and two are no more difficult to carry than one. Rolled together they are as one. The second towel is so very useful in giving oneself the finishing rub down which cannot be done satisfactorily with the first towel. This has become wet and full of sand, and when in this condition it should be shaken out and used as a mat.

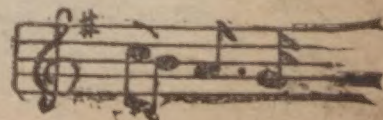
It will save repeated rubbing of the feet to extract the sand that accumulates and makes walking difficult afterwards.

A small pocket comb and mirror should also be taken. They enable one to look less like a Shetland pony on emerging into the public view again. One does not always wish to go straight home after a bathe, but unless one can look smart after it, going home and re-dressing becomes a necessity.

WHISTLING AND THE HEALTH.

Have you ever noticed that the jolly chap who is always whistling is, at the same time, remarkably healthy? Possibly it may never have struck you, but it is a fact. Whistling is a wonderful developer of the lungs, as a famous London specialist made it clear at a recent scientific gathering.

But, of course, to do any good to the general health, the whistling must be done on correct lines, in the same way as singing. Changing your key, for instance, when you have lost your breath, is very bad. A good rule to observe is never to "whistle in," i.e., never whistle by drawing the breath inwards. By always breathing outward a slight strain is exerted on the lung power which has a highly beneficial effect.



THE KEEPERS' CAMP.

WHERE FIRES ARE KINDLED BEFORE THE CHILLY DAWN.

Wandering far afield the other day, pushing into unfrequented byways and skirting woods that are now crowded with pheasants and rabbits, I came across a strange sort of encampment that at first seemed like a gipsy settlement.

It bore all the traces of recent and regular occupation, and was in many respects an ideal secret camp. On three sides were thick woods, and on the fourth a long, winding overgrown lane led, after many twists and turns, on to the by-road that was seldom frequented by wheeled traffic and only occasionally by pedestrians.

THE POLICEMAN OF THE WOODS.

In one corner of the camp was a neat and workmanlike erection of brick which, on closer inspection, proved to be a fireplace, at the side of which was a boiler. In a recess stood a saucepan, a good kettle, and one or two other kitchen utensils.

I had not long been examining the little camp when, from behind, there sounded foot-steps, and looking over to the wood there emerged, in all the splendour of his characteristic attire, not a gipsy, as I had suspected at first, but a keeper carrying a serviceable double-barrelled gun.

Suspicious by long experience, he looked me up and down keenly, preserving at the same time an outward attitude of respect. That I was no regular poacher he evidently saw at a glance, but it was unusual for a law-abiding stranger to penetrate thus far into the game-infested hinterland.

However, I greeted him with an open "good-day" that seemed to reassure him, and we fell a-chatting, I asking questions that I knew he could answer, and he pouring out in authoritative tone just so much information as it seemed advisable that I should know.

THE NURSING SEASON.

It was only when I told him I was staying up at Hayhill Farm and had come from London, seventy odd miles away, that he was really certain of his man.

Moreover, in the pockets of my flannels I could hardly conceal a rat, much less a rabbit or a pheasant, and as there were no suspicious bulges in my clothes he gave me a good character.

And then he told me all about the uses of the camp I had stumbled on so unexpectedly.

During the critical season, when the game is hatched and before the guns are out, there are innumerable dangers that the birds must be helped over. The chief of these are poachers—both human and animal.

When pheasants have just been "turned down"—that is, when they have been introduced to the woods after being hatched by foster-mothers—they have not yet acquired that wildness that is so desirable. They cannot defend themselves from all the enemies that beset them, and the keeper has an anxious time.

ON NIGHT DUTY.

All the available men are called out many times a week for night work, and the covers are carefully and frequently paraded.

In the midst of our talk a shot echoed through the woods, and my friend, hearing it, knew that it was no mere casual affair that had caused it. For at this time of the year the quieter the woods the better for the sport to come.

In all probability, he said, one of his men had come upon a poaching cat—the curse of



the pheasant woods—and had given it enough to rob it of all its nine lives at once.

This camp, he explained, was a meeting place for all the keepers—there were three others below him—when they had completed their rounds during the night. The first to arrive kindled a fire in the grate, and on busy nights when it was difficult to get home in good time they would go in for simple cookery, making tea to help them stand the chilly dews of early morning.

Food of different sorts was also prepared here for the birds when required.

WOODLAND HEADQUARTERS.

In fact, the camp was the woodland headquarters of the keeper's staff. Here they met and reported all that needed reporting, chatted about the birds, settled plans, and sometimes organised traps for possible or suspected poachers of the human kind.

During our chat I had casually raised his gun. My finger itched to be at the trigger, yet I did not care to ask outright for the pleasure of a shot. Beating about the bush, I offered him many a chance to say I might try my hand at a rabbit, but he took no heed.

At parting he pocketed "something" with a deferential touch of his cap, and as I turned to go his heart melted, and he called me back. "If you like to peep round that there hedge," he said, "you'll see a rabbit maybe. You can pitch into 'im if you like."

And I took the gun, stole to the corner, and successfully "pitched into" a rabbit. Then we parted.

H. G. HERD.

PUTTING YOUR FOOT IN IT.

Somebody has given you seats for a music-hall, and you have gone. But you have not found the show exhilarating, so you are taking a turn up and down the promenade. There you meet and start talking to an affable person in evening dress, who also looks slightly bored.

"Pretty rotten, isn't it?" you observe pleasantly; and although he smiles he looks none too pleased. When he has gone, you learn to your horror that he is "the courteous and ever-popular manager." You have put your foot in it.

Men do not always bear the trade mark of their profession on their faces, and when meeting other people for the first time it is just as well not to give your opinion as to the various ways in which livings are earned.

Incidents such as these are as common in every-day life as they are trivial; but for a short while after they are somewhat discomfiting.

LAST TO LEAVE.

CLEARING UP WHEN THE OTHER MEN HAVE GONE.

To be left behind to "clear up" is a position in which most men find themselves at one time or another, and it is an experience worth going through, even if it only confirms a man in certain opinions he holds with regard to the general unfitness of things.

The last work must be done by somebody, whether it be on farm or battlefield, at camp or in the office, in workshop, factory, or stable.

At first it appears to be work that has no redeeming point of interest. What can there be to interest a man in seeing that the letters are all properly copied, stamped, and posted in time to catch the evening mails?

In the office the whole staff has gone, leaving you, the late man, to clear up. As one by one the others strode out of the office, throwing a careless "good-night" to you, there was every excuse for you to get your back up in revolt at the fate imposed upon you.

Half a dozen odds and ends need your attention. You have promised to balance the book, enter up these orders, register certain letters, replace ledgers, see that the petty cash is safe and correct, and do a dozen other things before you, too, can turn your back on the office and shake off business.

As you survey the disorder in which the desks have been abandoned, your thoughts fly outside to the doings of those who were so recently sitting at them. The complete confidence with which they left all the details to you is by no means recompense enough for your belated captivity. The other men have gone off, each to some pleasant recreation or some attractive engagement where they will forget business.

Reluctantly you come to the conclusion that if you hurry ever so much you cannot catch that train which will land you home in time for some of the daylight, and, having made up your mind on this point, a spirit of resignation begins to weave its spell, and you settle down to work.

As you finish one matter after another you find yourself musing philosophically on life, and before you have got half-way through your tasks you are already wondering whether, after all, you are the loser by staying late.

The silence and the absence of companionship induce reflections on the vanity of human wishes, and it will not be surprising if, for this hour or so, you conclude that though you are not out and actively enjoying yourself you are nevertheless seeing the spectator's side of the game of life, which, they say, is the more comprehensive side.

Once having thrown off the need and the desire for hurry, you feel that you might as well be where you are as anywhere else.

Being left behind also tends to correct a man's view of the relative values of things.

If Brown can drop his correspondence in the middle and turn it over to you to finish, it surely cannot be of such vast importance, or if Jones leaves an account unbalanced, there is surely no need for you to fret and fume over the little things that have somehow got hold of your brain and caused you such worry.

The matter that shook the office to its foundations is—left till to-morrow! The false importance that a trivial question assumed when the place was working at full speed and every man was silent, serious, and busy, was not, after all, anything that was going to disturb the world.

You have entered the last figure, sealed the last letter, and, strolling easily homeward, in the first darkness, you find a quiet pleasure in the change involved in clearing up at the office.

R. COSGROVE.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By C. J. NEWTON.

THE RETURN OF TRAIMES



He drank—he soaked it in—as though he would permeate every pore.

"Give me some more!" said he unctuously.

He finished the bottle.

"That's better!" He leaned back and cast his glance all over the room, at the photo of himself in the corner above the pipe-rack, at the enlarged gravures of Veeder, who worked at an office in Queen Victoria Street and whose heart was on the stage. My corner of the room with its muddled books, papers, and pens, showed that I had been busy.

I watched him. As a man possessed he walked around, picking up this ornament and that from the mantelpiece, inspecting them as though he had never seen broken imitation Dresden figures or cheap bronze equestrian statues before. An ancient volume of "The Scalp Hunters" he fell on with ripples of glee.

When one was registered as a permanent inmate of Marlborough Boarding House, one became a "Scalp Hunter." The name of the new chum was inscribed in the front leaves of the inside of the book. It had been in the possession, said history, of the first gentleman Mrs. B. had received into her palatial household as paying guest, when the "better days" she had so frequently spoken of were gone.

The second gentleman had written his name in the book and inscribed a little memento to the original owner—and so on.

Traines, turning over the leaves of that book, delightedly read me his own brief biography. It was very crude, and smacked of "Who's Who," casually tabulated.

"John Stanford Traimes, architect, came to Marlborough House on June 2, 1906, and left in March, 1909. During that time he distinguished himself by never going to bed on the evening of the day he got up. Very willing to lend anything to a legitimate 'Scalp Hunter,' including money, much of which was returned to him. Broke the piano, an alleged upright grand—but really a very underhanded grand, for several notes frequently refused to sound just when Traimes wanted to bring them in exquisitely—by smashing out, fortissmo, Mr. Harry Fragon's 'Billy Brown, of London.' Incidentally broke Mrs. B.'s heart when he—a so-called 'confirmed bachelor'—left to marry a Devonshire girl.

"Favourite Amusements: Boxing and designing houses that no one would build.

"Accomplishments: Champion bread-thrower of Marlborough Boarding House during time of residence."

He had finished reading this when Veeder came in, Veeder looking dead done up and very pale. They slave-drove Veeder for some ten hours a day, not healthy work in the open, but under a green-shaded electric light in a basement.

For all that, Veeder was ever cheerful, and he entered whistling.

The eyes of the two, Traimes and Veeder, met.

"Hullo you lucky old beggar!" said they in a breath.

"How do you make me out to be lucky?" Again they spoke at once and that derisively.

"Why," said Traimes, "you simply eat your breakfast at eight in the morning, read your paper, which is propped up against the tea-pot the whole time, stroll off to catch the City train, get to the office, and there you are.

"Besides, you go decently attired. You are not asked to go to London and get your tailor to measure you for a thick Harris tweed Norfolk suit.

"You get to the office and then, about eleven, when some trifling errand of the chief clerk's gives you an excuse, you stroll out and get a glass of beer and a bit of the Bodega's gratis cheese. Then there's lunch in a chop-house. If you want to talk you talk to the man next you. He may be from Borneo or Peru. Anyway he has something to discuss other than the garden, what curtain material will go best with the china, whether Mrs. Wentworth-Chilham's candelabra are really Sheffield plate, or whether she noticed when she called at your house that the carpet had to be turned because you upset some eggs, bacon and coffee in a conspicuous corner of it.

"When you go out you haven't to consider whether it is considered beneath your station in life to quaff a pint of beer in a public-house.

"And, oh, hang it, Veeder, life's too short to afford me the time to go on enumerating your advantages. You've life and London. I've a living boredom and the country."

Now Veeder is a far-sighted young man. He grasped the situation sooner than I did.

"So you've come up to spend a few days with us, eh, Traimes? Bring your bag?"

"No—er—I was near the station this afternoon. I saw a train marked Waterloo in gold letters on a dirty red board that slipped into a socket above the carriages. I wanted to come to a place where the sideboard silver was not a thing to be sentimental about; I wanted to be able to walk in a room without having to scrape my boots outside, practically polish the soles thereof on a mat, and then tiptoe lightly over the Turkey carpet to a Chippendale chair, the legs of which I had to be careful not to kick; I wanted to fall into an arm-chair without it being gently suggested that I had malevolent designs on the stuffing of the loose-padded seat.

"Therefore I bought a ticket, and here I am, happy to be back once again in dear old Bachelordom!"

"Dear old lad, have another beer," said Veeder casually, for all the world as if he had not in his mind what he said to me in private, in the hall, later.

"Traimes has been too bloomin' well-treated. Mrs. T. has been trying to make a country gentleman of him instead of a town lounge. It doesn't agree with 'em at first. They kick at it, and kid themselves they're Bohemians at heart, and all that sort of rot. Bet you he'll be happy to get back out of Bachelordom before the mail train from Waterloo runs to Wortham-Digby to-night."

He scribbled on a telegraph form to Mrs. Traimes, Wortham-Digby:

"Have procured patterns for tweed suit in London this afternoon. Missed last train. Shall be back by the mail. Jack."

The maid consented to take it to the post office. I whistled softly.

"Hold on a shake," said I. "What about the patterns?"

"Once," said Veeder heavily, "you may remember that I put in for a rise which I thought I should get. I meant to buy a new country suit to celebrate it. I was informed that clerks were ten-a-penny, so all I have left of my country dream are a few patterns of real Harris—upstairs."

From the landing we heard the voice of Traimes. It was mildly complaining.

"I say, don't you ever keep a decent bit of soap in the bathroom?"

Deep in an almost-forgotten spot in the West Country there is a house hidden on the side of a hill rise, into which a briar-scented narrow road plain and engagingly, and finally comes out of a Devonshire village.

Beyond it, at the foot of the hill, one may walk down into a very paradise of nature, a yellow-gorse, gorse-patched cliff, at the foot of which there is a sheer drop of forty feet—the waters of the Atlantic bubble on the ridge.

But, as Traimes used to say, there is not the bottled beer nearer than Exeter; the inhabitants are the essence of overweening conceit and rigid propriety, and those that are not are honest fishers of Brixham at its very worst.

So much for Wortham-Digby. Let me write of my friend Traimes, that you may understand.

We who knew him in London used to watch that Londoner of Londoners consuming his steak at the silver grill, quaffing his simple accompanying Guinness, following with a "portion" of sweets.

And we said: "Traimes will never be able to stick Devonshire for more than a fortnight after the honeymoon. They'll have to move to London!"

"Rot!" Traimes would reply. "I've had enough of this. The simple life for me! You fellows will come down, of course, and see me enthusiastic about gardening, an expert on early flowerings, with all the old London pallor gone. Farewell to the London palaces of drink! Bah! Glorified sewers! You can see the drip on the weeping looking-glasses!"

So we said nothing, and kindly allowed Traimes to tie himself up inexorably to a daughter of Devon, with the perquisite of a house, the property of the bride, and an income far in advance of Traimes', whose late father had never been a wealthy man.

Then followed three months of silence. We heard not of our old friend. For several nights we spoke of him and missed him. Then a merciful Providence, and an all-healing Time, gradually blotted him out of our memory.

We forgot Traimes, and then—he came back!

Because we had shared rooms in London he, rightly or wrongly, elected to come back to me.

It was seven o'clock. I was having dinner. You who are in rooms must know what that means. The last of the joint which had reached the Tuesday stage had been hashed up, in more senses than one, by the fourth cook we had had within four months. It being the new potato season, three undersized light-weight specimens, would have covered in the tureen, smiled at me blatantly when I lifted the cover.

I was about to attack these when there came a well-known thrice-repeated tap at the door.

A surprised cry from the maid, who had been at the Marlborough boarding establishment for quite an age—six months or so—and then with an unmelodious yell, it was Traimes—a wanly, smiling Traimes—who burst into the room and sang himself literally at me.

"My dear fellow—my dear fellow. How are you?" said Traimes.

"Well, what the deuce is a Benedict doing in Bachelordom?" said I.

"Traimes collapsed into the crazy-sprung chair. "Get on with your food," said Traimes. "Let me be. Let me drink it in."

"Have a bottle of beer?" I asked prosaically, proceeding with my dinner.

"Beer—good old beer!" exclaimed Traimes. "Yes, I will have a bottle of beer!"

I poured him out a glass of the light dinner ale of which a dozen reputed pint bottles could be bought for a half-crown. Traimes had christened it "dishwashings" in the old days.

"Soap! My gosh, you *are* an ambitious ass! When did we *ever* have anything other than good old English yellow at threepence a pound?" said Veeder.

There was a pause. Then we heard the tap turned on.

"'Spose this'll have to do, then," said Traimes, with great resignation.

Veeder winked triumphantly at me.

"You'd like to visit the old haunts to-night, Traimes?"

"Yes, we'll start with the club-house," said Traimes with renewed interest. He was drying himself on the rather worn towel.

"If you're staying a fortnight you'll have plenty of time to look round, won't you?" said Veeder artlessly.

"Yes," said Traimes, without too much enthusiasm.

Veeder looked at me confidently.

"Isn't there a train earlier than the mail?" said he.

We went round to the suburban shanty which we were pleased to call "The Club." It was in connection with some twenty-eighth-rate order of Foresters or Bushrangers, I forget which. We of Marlborough House paid our five shillings per annum when we could spare it, and asked no questions. There, everybody knew everybody else.

I knew precisely what Traimes would say as soon as he entered the billiard-room.

"Where's Sheeky? I want to play him snooker."

"Sheeky?" several members looked up laconically, and shifted themselves on the worn, threadbare lounge.

"Oh, it's Traimes. Hullo, Traimes! I say, here's old Traimes turned up again"—and so on.

Then a young man in a check cap informed Traimes that Sheeky, the marker, had long since been dispensed with on account of an absent-mindedness on the matter of putting down money received on the prescribed sheet.

"Oh," said Traimes.

"I'll play you, if you like," said Veeder.

The new marker got out the balls. Traimes looked at the faded green, the bilious yellow, the alleged brown, the washed-out blue, the dyspeptic pink, the cracked black.

He took a cue, and with the jaundiced white made a casual shot at the dead cushions. The table, lacking the attentions of the expert, if dishonest, Sheeky, was almost rucked in places. The ball slithered along jerkily and miserably.

"I don't want to play, if you don't mind, Veeder," said Traimes. "Let's look up some of the chaps in the smoke-room and have a jaw about old times."

Chance steered us right into a group of our oldest club friends, men who had known Traimes intimately, who had played chess, cards, billiards, and the fool with him at different times.

Traimes bubbled over with questions, to which they returned evasive answers.

"Tell me the latest lark you've played on the club steward," said Traimes, sitting down a little uncomfortably on a hard chair.

"Lark on the club steward? Oh, we *did* occasionally lead him a bit of a life when you were here, Traimes, didn't we? You led us, I remember, Traimes," said one.

"And got called over the coals by the committee!" said Traimes, as one who mentions that he was the recipient of the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

"Did you? Oh, yes," replied another, searching his memory. "Rotten luck."

"But we all thought it was such a joke at the time," said Traimes, reproachfully.

His remark practically fell on deaf ears. The assembled company returned to the discussion of a forthcoming wrestling match between the club's champion and a Y.M.C.A. representative, or something of the sort.

"This is slow," said Traimes, after an hour of similar experiences. "Let's go up West."

We caught a tube train Piccadilly-wards, and finally entered a beer-hall where a greasy-coated band endeavoured to rise above the raucous laughter of an uncaring audience.

The reek of cheap Turkish cigarettes fought an unending battle with the fumes of very bad cigars. I saw Traimes, a sneer on his face, regard an obviously dirty coffee-cup the waiter had brought him.

He called the waiter.

"Take it away, and bring me a clean cup, please!" said he with reproving dignity.

Veeder immediately nudged me triumphantly.

In the old days Traimes would have made a joke about it, but this was a new Traimes, with the true touch of the Benedict, and the tone of the offensively particular Englishman, who has a home of his own wherein he is used to a condition of specklessness, or—the servant gets her month's money promptly in lieu of notice.

A half-hour of this satiated Traimes.

He complained that he could not breathe, applied various adjectives expressive of extreme uncleanness to the beer-hall, and thankfully took in the comparatively pure air of Piccadilly Circus. As we stood on the kerb, waiting to cross, a girl came up to us.

"Why—Jack Traimes!" said she. "And they told me you had become a respectable married man. And here you are in Piccadilly at twelve!" I saw Traimes pale.

Veeder laughingly caught her arm.

"So he is, Topsy!" he laughed. "So he is."

The girl stood back a little contemptuously. Then good nature had the victory.

"I think, Mr. Traimes," said she, serenely, "that the lady who is your wife is fortunate. You don't mind bidding me good-night?"

She put out her hand. Traimes touched it lightly and raised his hat.

"Good-night," said he.

The girl passed on, and Traimes stood staring at the lights of the Piccadilly station.

"Now!" hissed Veeder into my ear.

Swiftly I called a taxi-cab and bundled Traimes inside.

"Going home in a taxi-cab?" he asked as one half awake.

Veeder had already produced the Harris tweed patterns.

"Part of the way" said he to Traimes.

"Cabby!"

"Sir?"

"Waterloo, sharp!"

HOW TO BEHAVE AT BOXING CONTESTS.

A brilliantly-lighted hall, with its radiance dimmed in a measure by the ascending wreaths of smoke from countless pipes and cigars. In the centre is a roped and staked enclosure, raised up so that everyone can see; and in this two men are going for one another as hard as they can.

To the casual observer they would appear to be evenly matched. They are of equal height and muscular development; and neither of them is particularly distressed.

Then, like a flash, the fist of one of them shoots out, and the other falls like a log. But he struggles up again; and "plays out time" until the end of the round.

"Go on, Bill!" "Hook him, Bill!" "Don't worry, Bill, he's tiring." "Go in and out him!" These are the remarks that are shouted to the favourite from almost every quarter of the ring.

But, here and there, you will see quiet, firm-looking men sitting watchfully silent. They are taking in every move of the game. They are too good sportsmen to offer encouragement to either man. They are old hands, and know how to look on at boxing contests.

Nowadays only too many good contests are spoiled by injudicious exhibitions of partisanship among the spectators. A fight is not a football match, and it should be watched differently. The spectator's motto should be "Fair play for both, and may the best man win."

AFTER HAY HARVEST.

A RAMBLE THROUGH NEWLY-MOWN FIELDS.

When the last load of hay has been carried and the rick, neatly trimmed, stands in the corner of the field, the hayfields become once more open territory, where the rambling may wander at will.

For many months he has been excluded from these fields and has been restricted to footpaths, roads, and woodland walks, where, to be sure, he has had no lack of interest; but the carrying of the hay once more draws him through the newly-cropped fields as to a land visited long ago.

The cutting of the hay in a country of much grass-land makes one of the great changes of the year in the landscape, and a new aspect of an old and familiar scene is ever interesting.

Moreover, there is an entirely new movement among the wild creatures, that begins as soon as the fields are deserted. It is when the last cart has rumbled and jolted the last out of the uneven field, and when the game and the haymakers has gone, that the game and other creatures take possession of the field.

While the grass still stood the field was almost uninhabited. The double, harsh rasp of the corncrake resounded over the grass in the evenings and through the night, and by day one would sometimes see a few stray birds drop into the thick growth and disappear, but with these exceptions the field was untenanted so far as we could see from the bordering path or by watching over the gate up whose posts the grasses had climbed half way.

Now it is different. Strolling up the cartway from the high road, you observe signs of the carted hay everywhere. Wisps of it have caught on to the hedges and trees.

In the fields themselves the short, light-cropped grass teems with life. Far out from their accustomed haunts close to the straggling hedge the young rabbits lie out nibbling and positively asking to be shot as they leisurely hop back to cover at your approach.

Your entry into a field unexpectedly is the signal for dozens of pairs of alert ears to stand erect out of the grass, and as you walk up the hedge the rabbits run in by dozens. What a bag you could make if only there were no pheasants to be disturbed!

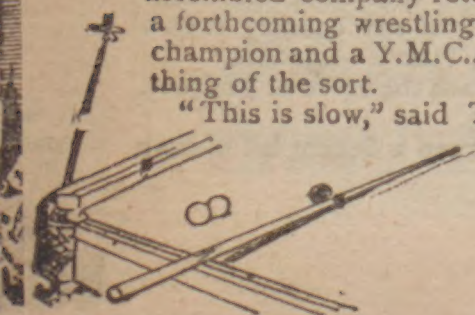
Still farther out in the open the hen pheasant leads her brood—as yet small and unversed in the ways of older birds—towards the bare places cut by the machine, and there scrapes with them for the plentiful food. Catching sight of you she is down and motionless at once, and her brood have followed her example.

If you can see them at all they appear as mere clods of earth dotted about the field, and so they remain till danger is passed. Try to approach them, and they will show you what can be done in the way of sprinting to cover.

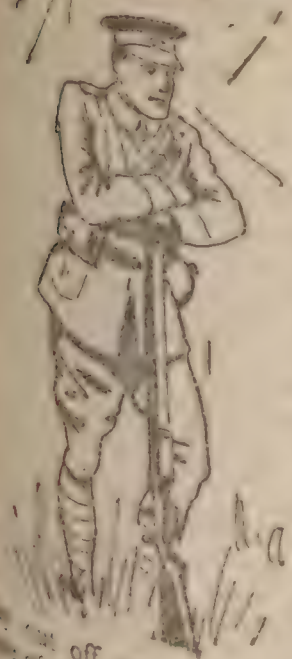
Where the land rises and offers an isolated, sunny basking place, the partridges are beginning to gather. They delight in sunny, dusty places, and will wallow on the banks for hours during a hot day, sounds curious cry; "peer-itz—peer-itz," sounds strangely through the dusk from the lonely fields.

The fragrance of the hay still lingers in the air. In the surrounding elms the pigeons keep up a cool and comfortable calling, only coming down into the field when you are far away. Should you turn suddenly into a field where they are feeding, the whole flock will rise before any other birds, and with loud clapping of wings they will warn all other bird "life" of the presence of an enemy, and will scatter to the trees to watch.

C. EASTON GREY.



THE CUSTOMS OF WAR



SOME RULES OF THE GAME.

According to the old saying "All is fair in love and war," but whatever may be the case as regards the tender passion, this is certainly not true of warfare.

In war, at least between civilised nations, there are certain "rules of the game," which the opponents must observe, or stand dishonoured in the sight of decent men.

For example, you must not bring your enemy's water supply, in the least not poison it.

Then you may use every endeavour to capture your foe's General or Generals, but it is "bad form" deliberately to try to "snipe" or pick off his Commander. In fact, to do so amounts almost to murder.

A successful invader cannot compel the inhabitants of the conquered country to serve in his ranks, or in any way to fight against their own folk. On the other hand, he can order them, in return for reasonable payment, to act as drivers, guides, workmen, or in other capacities which do not involve the actual bearing of arms against their own kith and kin.

In the famous play "An Englishman's Home," "Mr. Brown" is shot because he is caught using his gun against the invader when not a member of any recognised military force.

RECKONING A POINT.

With all respect to Major du Maurier, the author of the play, it is possible that he has here stretched a little for dramatic effect.

It is true that the "customs of war" require an enemy should be able to distinguish the armed forces of a country and the population, so that he may spare the latter, exposing his troops to attack from persons he might reasonably suppose to be engaged in peaceful occupations. But, on the other hand, it is held by the highest authorities that a prisoner is not justified in putting to death, or even in punishing, inhabitants of a captured town on the ground that they fought against him without uniform or other distinguishing marks, because the town is taken *all* the inhabitants are entitled to be considered as legitimate enemies.

"Mr. Brown" in the play was, in a sense, an inhabitant of a besieged town, and therefore entitled to be treated as a prisoner of war.

It is against the customs of war wilfully to destroy museums, churches, or other monuments of art, or to seize or injure private property, except as an act of retaliation for hostile acts committed by the enemy.

If you turn your private house into a fort, the enemy is entitled to destroy it; but if you have no use of it for military purposes he should leave it alone.

The enemy has a right to seize and hold archives, historical documents, and judicial and legal records, but to destroy or take them away is an "act of barbarism," and prohibited by the customs of war.

Whether an enemy is justified in seizing scientific objects, pictures, sculptures, and other works of art belonging to the public as "spoils of war" is a moot point, but on the whole opinion is against the practice, the rule being that a foe should be deprived of only those things which would enable him to make or continue resistance.

Spies are an unfortunate necessity of war. The

essence of spying is the collecting *secretly and in disguise* information about the enemy.

Thus an officer in uniform, however closely he may in a sense "spy" upon an enemy's position, is not a spy, and if caught must be treated as a prisoner of war. A commander may avail himself of information given by a traitor, but on the whole, though opinions differ, he is not justified in endeavouring to suborn treachery.

An officer may pretend to be a traitor if the enemy attempt to corrupt his fidelity, and may thus ensnare the foe, but if he makes overtures to the enemy under pretence of being a traitor, and then deceive him with false information, he is guilty of dishonourable conduct contrary to the customs of war.

PERFIDY.

You may deceive an enemy by false attacks, spreading false information, in almost any way, so long as there is no perfidy.

Perfidy is the breaking of an express or implicit engagement that the truth shall be acted or spoken. Thus it is perfidious to hoist the Red Cross flag on a building not used as a hospital, or to use a hospital for aggressive purposes.

A prisoner of war, unless he has given his parole, is justified in attempting to escape. He may be shot or otherwise killed in the act of escaping, but if retaken he is not to be punished by death or otherwise for having made the attempt.

On the other hand, a prisoner who breaks his parole and is recaptured may be put to death, though this is not usually done nowadays.

PAROLE.

An enemy is not obliged to take a prisoner's parole, nor can he compel him to give it. Further, a prisoner cannot pledge himself never to fight against the enemy. An invader can requisition money, food, forage, carriages, etc., from the inhabitants, and he need not pay for them.

It is more usual, however, to pay a moderate price, without regard to enhanced value due to war, and in some cases the inhabitants have been allowed to name their own price.

Finally, the whole principle of civilised warfare is that the contest is not between man and man, but between State and State, and that therefore acts of private vengeance, personal reprisals, anything which is cruel to, or tends to inflict unavoidable suffering on the individual, are to be condemned as contrary to the customs of war.

CHINSTRAP.

THE PEN BEHIND THE EAR.

When you are working busily at a desk that has a fair complement of papers and so forth on it, you often find that you have mislaid your pen. And after a feverish search for it, you find it at last coily secluded under a pile of documents.

Then in order not to lose it again, you adopt the time-honoured expedient of putting it behind your ear. But although this is a very convenient plan, it is for one reason not to be recommended. This is because, if it becomes a habit, it tends to make the ears protrude at the side. Moreover, the custom cannot be said to be the best of form if it is done in public.

ADVICE TO ATHLETES.

SOME TIPS THAT WILL BE USEFUL JUST NOW.

Just now, all over the country, on large holdings, in club rooms where men of all sorts and conditions are wont to congregate and in cosy little village tap-rooms, notices are to be seen conspicuously placed, to call attention to some athletic meeting that is to be held in the neighbourhood at some early date.

For the benefit of intending competitors at such gatherings we propose giving a few hints which will be useful in more ways than one.

Runners, for instance, and running races are by far the most prominent feature of the card, far too often disregard a very important operation that makes for comfort and endurance in a race.

Before putting on your running shoes, always pare your toe-nails close down to the flesh, or else the pressure on the toes will force the nails upwards with every step you take. And in a day or two you will find your nails turn black, while a week or so will see several of them drop right off. But if you cut them so that they cannot protrude beyond the end of the toe, any danger of such misfortune is averted.

Your shoes, too, should not rub any part of your foot in the slightest degree. They should, literally, fit you like gloves, an end which may be attained by the hardly more expensive expedient of having them made to measure. At any rate, the enhanced comfort and staying power that you will derive, especially in long-distance races, will amply repay the slight increase in price. It is not a bad idea to wear a thin sock of chamois leather over the toes and the ball of the foot.

Remember, too, that longer spikes are required for a grass than for a cinder track, so that it is wise to have two pairs of running shoes with spikes of different lengths.

A sport which is growing in popularity is throwing the cricket-ball; and it is probable that a great many of our willow-wielding readers will go in for it. The secret of a good throw lies in keeping all the joints of the arm loose until the actual instant of the throw, when all the muscles of the shoulder, elbow, and wrist, should be stiffened in a simultaneous jerk.

A word about weight-putting may be of service. Here everything depends on "getting your weight on." Balance your body on the right leg, right shoulder thrown back, and the weight balanced in the palm of your right hand on a level with your shoulder. Raise the weight once or twice to the full extent of your arm to "supple" the muscles. Then take a smart hop of about three feet on to your left foot, but still keep the right shoulder back and the weight of the body on the right leg. Now spring sharply towards the scratch line swinging the body half-round, releasing the weight with an outward shoot of the arm at the precise moment when the right foot touches the ground. In this way the swing of the body is made to lend fifty per cent. of the power of the "put."

The best weight-putter, roughly speaking, is not the tallest or strongest man, but rather he who possesses the greatest ability of swinging his body to deliver the ball. But a large-handed man has an advantage, because the fact of the 16lb. weight being of iron, makes it of necessity a large one.

In conclusion, a nice discretion should be exercised in the matter of drinks after an exhausting struggle, when you are in a bath of perspiration.

Very cold drinks are injurious, and though hot ones are really to be recommended, no mortal man could pluck up courage to swallow one. A drink which is both wholesome and refreshing is ginger-beer with a dash of gin.

E. HAMILTON.



BARBARISMS OF MODERN TRADE

Our naval manœuvres were in progress, and the submarine lay mounting guard over the Eastern Channel into Spithead. One of the enemy's cruisers had been sighted in the neighbourhood, so the submarine was waiting patiently for her prey, nothing showing above water save the top of her periscope.

It was a misty afternoon, and probably—though none will ever know the truth—the eye of the periscope glared seaward.

From the direction of Southampton there raced up the liner Berwick Castle. The periscope told nothing of her coming, nor did the watch on the big steamer notice the top of the periscope. Crash into the conning tower of the submarine hurtled the steamer. To her the impact was a mere nothing.

The captain of the Berwick Castle thought that he had merely struck a practice torpedo gone astray, and signalled as much to the nearest men-of-war.

They too did not suspect the truth, and it was not until the submarine failed later to appear at the rendezvous fixed for her, that alarm was felt.

Long ere this Submarine A1 had settled down on the ocean bed some forty feet under water, and two officers, Lieutenant Mansergh and Sub-Lieutenant J. P. Churchill, and nine men, were sleeping their last sleep.

Did sleep come to them easily, peacefully as it comes to a tired child? God alone can answer that question. The liner when she struck the submarine did not inflict great damage. She did not touch the hull of the A1. Her bows caught the top of the conning tower, ripping the lid like cardboard, and the hungry sea poured in.—That was all.

The whole crew of the A1 were drowned. Let us pray that the inrush of the waters was such as instantaneously to overwhelm and suffocate them.

But behind the tragedy there lurks the lurid vision of brave men struggling hopelessly for life, helpless as mewling, blind-eyed kittens consigned to pail or pond.

That was six years ago, and it is true that many inventions have been brought out for lessening the awful risks of those who go down under the sea in submarines. The French are not behind in these matters. Nevertheless, the crew of the Pluviose were caught and drowned without a chance of life, and that only a short time ago.

The submarine is still a death-trap. The dangers of a collision, of failure to rise when submerged, or of a devastating explosion on board have not been materially lessened.

The crew of a submarine carry their lives in their hands. So do many other men in many other callings, but when the submariner signs on he is courting a peculiarly horrible death.

True, he is a volunteer, but have we the right to accept his services? Broadly speaking, the value of the submarine has yet to be proved. Admittedly, she is valuable in the defence of harbours. But great naval battles are usually decided in open water, where the slowness and the blindness of the submarine make her comparatively useless.

In bygone ages of warfare it was customary to give condemned murderers and other desperate criminals a chance of life by liberating them to take part in some forlorn hope.

But the men who man submarines are not criminals. They are the pick of the Fleet. They have to have an almost devilish courage. They have to be physically and mentally strong to stand the relentless strain, the discomforts, and the unending anxiety of submarine life.

Admitted that there are more applicants than there are vacancies on submarines, have we the right to accept this potential sacrifice of life?

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN



It is not a question of the risks of war. It is a matter of asking men in time of peace to face a death more horrible than that to be found on any battlefield.

Is this consistent with humanity? I submit that it is not, that the submarine is an example of man's inhumanity to man. Not as an engine of war, but as an accursed death-trap for our best and bravest.

Edgar Allan Poe, with all his hair-raising imagination, never pictured aught so dreadful as a submarine ripped by a passing steamer, chained to the ocean floor by some failure of the mechanism, or converted into a raging inferno by some fatal explosion of gas.

Who are the men who send other men to death in submarines. Sailors, men? Neither one nor the other, but puling politicians who would probably cry with fright if caught in a squall on an excursion steamer.

The managing director of the motor-bus company had lunched well. He usually did, but this day he had done himself extra well. He had to keep his pecker up, for the report he was about to submit to his directors was not good.

The Board duly met, the Board of fat, gross men, with unhealthy eyes and flaccid skins. They grumbled over the report, but they did not dare to say much to the managing director. The managing director had neither the bowels nor the biceps of a man, but he had a cunning brain. Also he knew things about them and they feared him.

Therefore, when he said that expenses must be reduced they grunted assent, and tumbled over each other in their eagerness to forego their directors' fees.

Perhaps they did, but my information is that they drew their fees, after having passed a resolution regretting that the state of trade made it necessary to reduce drivers' wages by 2s. 6d. a week. They were almost tearful in their sympathy with the men, and a fat lot of good it did the "shovvers."

A fat lot of good it did Mr. Shovver Bill Martin in particular.

Bill had not been feeling well—"blanky queer" was his own way of putting it—and at last reluctantly he sought out the club doctor.

That gentleman overhauled him. "How long have you been driving?" he asked. "Bout two years and six muns," answered Bill. "I suppose you know that another six months will finish you," said the doctor gruffly, but not unkindly. "Can't you chuck it?" "Chuck it! Wiv a wife an' four kids to keep. An' the blanky beggars 'ave bin an' gorn an' cut us arf a crown a week. Bless 'em, the pretty little dears."

This may sound rather like a conversation from a temperance tract. The doctor, however, was not referring to any alcoholic tendencies on Bill's part, but merely to the fact that three years of motor-bus driving wrecks a man.

And so Bill went away, and some six months later Bill Martin collapsed—fortunately not while on duty.

The Board met and passed resolutions of regret, voted a sum of money to take Bill and his family to the South of France, and awarded him a comfortable pension!

Perhaps they did; but again unless we are misinformed, the Board did not trouble about his name was removed from the roll, he himself was added to the human scrap-heap.

About three years of motor-bus driving, with its unending strain, its haunting fear of accident, and its eternal jar and rattle, wrecked a man. It may not kill him outright, but his nervous system hopelessly tattered, he is fit for nothing.

Again, for what good? What great gain to humanity at large justifies us in accepting the sacrifice of these lives? The precise benefit conferred upon mankind by the motor-buses appears to be the saving of a little time is of no

particular value.

The majority of the patrons of motor-buses are clerks whose time is worth about 5d. an hour, and middle-class ladies in search of more walking exercise, and the whole lot put together are not worth the wrecking of a man.

It may be said that motor-buses have put an end to the suffering of omnibus horses. There is little or no evidence that omnibus horses were badly treated. In any case, hard though it is, sound, human flesh and blood must come before animals.

We reprobate suicide, yet the man who employs a motor-bus "shovver" is virtually committing suicide, and we permit it. Further, we make money out of this trafficking in human lives.

The poor, despised, grimy motor-bus "shovver" is a pitiful example of man's inhumanity to man.

He was a big fellow, indeed gigantic. But a terrible cough racked him, and he spat out quantities of blood. All the strength was out of him, and merely the husk of Henry remained.

The hospital doctor had no difficulty in diagnosing his disease. The big fellow had been lying in a caisson. His enormous strength enabled him to hold out longer than most men. Last he had succumbed to "caisson sickness." His days were numbered.

Bridge-builders of ancient times used, when a bridge was completed, to sacrifice a human to the river gods.

We have long given up this barbarous practice, but the river gods are seldom hungry. Caissons fill their maws to repletion.

It is true that every effort is made to minimize the dangers and evils of caisson work. And yet doubt if caisson-workers could afford to stop so soon as dangerous symptoms appear they might live long, but they dare not stop. The goal of poverty drives them on, and they work till they drop, and go to swell the human scrap-heap.

Bridges are useful to mankind, but have we the right to cement them with a dreadful mortar of human misery?

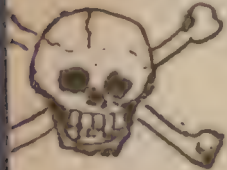
The caisson cemetery is a reproach to civilization.

There are other dangerous trades and callings too numerous to mention. Admitted that the law takes cognisance of these dangerous trades, and insists that all precautions should be taken to safeguard the workers the risk to life remains.

Is it a necessary, an inevitable risk?

In many cases it is not. It could be eliminated, but its removal would diminish the health rather than reduce their dividends.

The public's craze for cheapness is also greatly to blame. The public wants a dozen boxes of matches for twopence. What matter if the



much-makers rot to death, the horrible lingering death of phossy jaw. The public wants its houses painted cheaply. It is the business of theirs if house painters died of phossy jaw. There are few diseases associated with dangerous trades that could not be prevented if the public would pay a little more for the work and products of these trades. It is trafficking in human flesh and blood, and a damnable greed is at the back of it all.

We have prohibited wire walking without a net and other dangerous entertainments. But what of the air-men. This very morning as I wrote news comes of a German flying-man hissed and hooted into flying to his death. The crowd wanted their money's worth and they got it—in a body pounded to pulp. Ever there was a victim of man's inhumanity when this luckless German aviator is to be counted one.

In all these cases, we find men employing other men to take risks that they themselves would not take. Is that not buying human flesh and blood? If a lazy nigger is made to do a day's work for the first time in his life every footling faddist squeals about the cruelty of it.

There are none so blind as those who will not see. Let these same humanitarians look at home. Are there no slaves in England? Yes, there are, and human souls and human bodies are bought and sold to-day as much as they were in the days of Babylon. The man who pays another to take risks that he himself would not face is a coward, and England is full of these pasty-faced poltroons.

NORMAN FRASER.

DO WE HAVE TOO MUCH SPORT? To the more contemplative among us, to those who have a tendency to consider in what direction the great majority of Englishmen are tending, an idea is becoming more and more prevalent that we are having too much of the world of sport.

When we do not mean as a nation we are having too much; but rather that too much is displayed in games or contests which are fought out by other people. What do we see on the newspaper hand-bills in the early morning? "Kempton Park. Betting and Betting." What do we hear rattled from one o'clock until close on six? "Inner!" Then what flares out at us in the bills in every newsboy's hands as evening merges into night? "Bright Cricket at the Oval. Hayward in Form."

And practically every man Jack of us buys a paper, and turns first of all to these palpitating details. We have not seen the races, or the games, whichever they may be; but still it is as to know that "as the first fifty was scored, a cheer ran round the immense enclosure," or that "as the field was nearing the straight, Maher was observed to use his whip." We do not presume to judge; but there are not happenings going on every day that are more deserving than these of the nation's interest and attention?

CROSS-COUNTRY WALKING. Cross-country running has devotees innumerable, but cross-country walking is too much neglected, though why this is so it is hard to understand. There is a charm about cross-country walking that is, and always will be, absent from an ordinary road trip. The possibility of losing one's bearing, the negotiation of a stiff hedge, the occasional flight from an irate farmer, a long trudge across the fallow lend variety to the thing, and provide topics for a "don't-you-remember" chat afterwards.

WRITTEN AND UNWRITTEN.

The etiquette of golf, like most kinds of etiquette, is partly written, partly understood.

Taking the written law first, it is important to remember that a player playing by himself has absolutely no standing, and must allow "singles," "threesomes," and "foursomes" to pass him whenever they like.

It might be thought that even the veriest novice knew this; but the following is a true story. A friend and I were playing a match at a seaside links where visitors are welcomed, and in front of us was a single player. We had the links almost to ourselves, so we did not press him but allowed him to keep ahead, until he lost his ball. Then we shouted "Fore" and went ahead. We were on the putting-green when our "friend," having found his ball, played and narrowly escaped hitting one of us.

That was bad enough, for to play on to the putting-green while others are in possession of it, is in itself a flagrant breach of written golf etiquette, but to our mingled wrath and amusement the "gentleman" came running up and attempted to hole out ahead of us.

REMONSTRANCE.

This was too much, and we remonstrated. "You had no business to pass me," he snorted. We explained to him that, apart from the fact that he had lost his ball, he as a single player was bound to give way to us. This he stoutly denied, asserting that if there were any rule to that effect, it was only some "beastly local rule," which he, as a visitor, could not be expected to know. He ended by threatening to report us—members of the club, mark you—to the committee.

In regard to lost ball, etiquette demands that a side looking for a ball, must stand aside and signal to the party behind to pass. Many players think that they are entitled to drive off from the tee, as soon as the party in front have played their second shots, but this is not so. The rules distinctly state that "No player shall play from the tee until the party in front have played their second strokes, and are out of range"—the italics are mine.

Further, as I have mentioned, it is forbidden to play up to the putting-green till the party in front have holed out and moved away.

On the other hand, no consideration need be shown to those annoying players who, having holed out, start trying their putts over again.

REGARDING PASSING.

In regard to passing, a foursome, on request, should give way to "singles," and a three-ball match to "singles" or "foursomes."

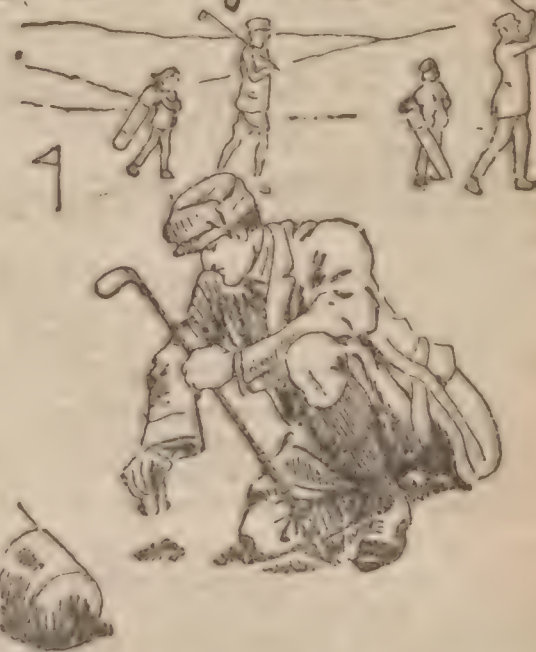
To stand close to or behind the ball, move, or talk when a player is making a stroke is "bad form," and it is not only bad form, but a breach of the rules to tee your ball on the teeing-ground before your opponent has driven, should he have the honour.

On the putting-green no one should stand beyond the hole in the line of a player's stroke. Also after holing out always see that the flag is properly replaced in the hole before moving off.

The golfing "bounder," however, betrays himself chiefly in his disregard for the turf, and with it the rights and comfort of other players. He hawks out a great deal of turf with his cleek or iron, and does not trouble to replace it, with the result that a player coming on behind makes a good shot only to find it trapped in the "grave" made by the caddish player.

Similarly if you make holes getting out of a bunker be careful to fill them up.

GOLFING ETIQUETTE



If you incur a penalty, as for example, for grounding your club in a bunker, hitting the ball twice, or moving it when "addressing it," and your opponent does not notice the offence you must not take advantage of his ignorance, but at once inform him of your misdeed—that is, if you wish to be considered a sportsman and a gentleman.

F. GORMAN.

HEALTHY PROFESSIONS.

It is a fairly well-known fact that the butcher's is one of the healthiest trades. The percentage of knights of the cleaver who suffer from affections of the chest, is so minute as to be practically non-existent. This is, we are told, due to the health-giving effects of constantly handling large quantities of uncooked meat. No doubt, too, the muscular exercise involved, is abundantly health-giving.

Commercial travelling—except in alcohol—is, strangely enough, a very healthy profession. The constant change of scene, the continual excitement of travelling, keeps a man fit.

Commercial travellers, like farmers, are wont to bemoan their lot, but the health statistics of their profession should be of some consolation to them.

But, all other things being equal, perhaps the healthiest profession is that of—the tramp!

HINTS TO SHOOTING COMPETITORS.

When you are engaged in a shooting competition, do not read much or otherwise tire your eyes more than you can help. Dark glasses are very restful when you are not actually shooting.

Towards the end of your practice, you may find you are getting slightly stale. If so, drop shooting of any kind. Don't look at a firearm for a day or two. You will shoot all the better afterwards, for staleness always means deplorable loss of form in shooting.

If you are not first-class yourself, refrain from watching the shooting of any man who is immeasurably superior to you. This would only make you lose confidence in yourself; and in a competition this is the worst thing you could do.

When you are signing your score-card, write your name very distinctly. Men have been known to lose big prizes owing to their names being undecipherable on their cards. Take care, too, that your shots have been correctly entered, that the score has been added up without a mistake, and that any corrections have been duly initialled.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By F. CONYERS.

I was as completely alone as any present-day Englishman can be in any seaside resort.

While the undoubted charms of femininity were everywhere in evidence, and mine for the have-I-seen-you-before ruse, the men by the bandstand on Brighton's West Pier smoked stolidly the pipe of English reserve.

It is only the bathing man who can pick up chance male acquaintances, and I had arrived only that afternoon.

Finally, I was indebted to the band which had been playing a selection of popular songs. The song I was softly humming over to myself when the Man with the Calabash spoke to me was:

"Could you be true to eyes of blue,
If you looked into eyes of brown?
Could you be true to blue,
If brown should smile on you?"

The band went on in waltz time. The little ladies from the West-End shops asked all those exponents of the British reserve that question with their eyes, but British reserve smoked on.

It was really too breathless an evening for amorous adventure.

I caught myself softly singing the old chorus over again even when the band had stopped.

It was then that the Man with the Calabash spoke to me.

"With regard to your query," he said, "it's dead easy. You alone?"

"Yes. Are you?"

"Yes."

"Oh well," I responded wearily. "I suppose it will develop into the usual sort of evening. They may be brown, blue, green, hazel—"

"We shall forget to-morrow, anyway," said my new friend, dreamily. "Let's walk up the pier. They say the fishing platform is an object of local interest."

Thus, some few minutes later found us gazing at the moving lights at sea, and, filling his calabash, my friend looked out into the dark and began to talk.

"That song that the band was playing," he said, reminiscently, "brings back memories. I don't know who you are. You don't know me. In that case I am not averse to breaking the rule which leads me never to speak of the past—especially incidents in which I have not figured to any great advantage."

"It happened several years ago. It was a night very much the same as this. I'd been listening to the band until I had cultivated a yearning for human society, that some-one-to-speak-to feeling which leads to so many things, and often finds you roving butterflies of young men fixed (after you have been captured in the net of marriage) to a cork with a very sharp pin."

"It is a sad happening. It is something that the wise man avoids—as he would a bathing chalet where the towels are usually damp, or a bar where the barmaid makes a point of treating him to endearing terms, and leaves the others out."

"But in those days I had not come either to those or to any other philosophical conclusions. For me, a smile was a sufficient lure; for me, a demure look spelt nothing but a demure maiden; for me, tears that gushed from pretty eyes were never by any means connected with the crocodile."

"I was a really Sir-Galahad-hearted, impressionable, knight-without-armour, sighing-for-the-Middle-Ages young man. No. I know that this is nothing at all new; that those given circumstances apply to 90 per cent. of the young men from the desk and the counter who make holiday in Brighton this very night, forgetting all else except that they are free; that when they rise early in the morning (through lack of the fixed-office-hours inducement to slumber) it will not be to reach a stuffy shop or an ink-bespattered desk five minutes earlier than the appointed time."

"In those days all that applied to me. That is how, one night when I found the most charming of what the *élite* term flappers crying her little heart

A COLOUR QUESTION



out in the middle of King's Parade, opposite the Metropole, my heart was touched.

"In my best knight-errant style I went up and told her as well as I could to dry those tears, and conducted her to a seat."

"It seemed that Cousin George (despicable villain!) had been utterly false, although she was alone in Brighton, father and uncle having gone to Lewes Races, and not likely to return till very much later (and then, I delicately gathered, they might have overdone the brewer)."

"Yet Cousin George, who had promised to meet her outside the Metropole at eight-thirty, before it had got dark, had found it impossible to tear himself away from some 'fright' whom he had picked up on the Palace Pier."

"Her own square inch of real handkerchief amid a yard of lace being inadequate for the task of drying the tears I lent her mine. And then—I heard my friend's teeth grit—I saw the phenomena!"

"She had odd eyes—one blue, the other brown!"

"They were interesting things. Can you doubt that a youthful temperament that was fond of Sherlock Holmes and the unusual, took very minute stock of them?"

"And then both of them smiled at once. They were suffused with gladness, welled up with joy—anything you like that can come within a thousand miles of expressing 'em in cold descriptive. . . . My boy, I am wise now—but I do not *live*. It is the penalty of becoming wise. But that is by the way."

"I suppose," she said to me, when a certain serenity had been reached, "that it is really my fault. I'm late, too, and it's all the fault of my blue eye!"

"I asked for explanations. I think we had started walking along together then and it seemed that as the days when she was under the influence of her blue eye she was too prone to fall to temptation—to do anything but the right thing."

"And that reminds me," she said, "that I ought to be getting back to the boarding house. As Cousin George is not with me, I ought to be back at nine?"

"I questioned her closely regarding Cousin George. It seemed that he was a 'sport' who would not give the show away."

"That's all right," I said, "you'd better remain under the influence of your blue eye, I think. Come on the pier with me."

"The blue eye's your choice then, is it?" she asked me.

"And what do you think I replied?"

I thumped him on the back and replied, "You said 'Rather!'"

"Ah, young man, you realise how very young I was, eh? Well, that's exactly what I *did* say."

"We had reached the very gates of the pier when she drew back suddenly."

"Cousin George!" she exclaimed, and scuttled into ambush by the pay-box.

"But Cousin George was to be outdone. He let a charmer in whose company was and unearthed his cousin."

"For a moment I'm a tragedy. Then I caught the words 'he's a perfect gentleman, George!'"

"I found George the prince of good. He was good enough, I remember, to introduce."

"The proprieties then being remained for us to fix on a plan of amusement the evening."

"Well, my boy, I have had some even in my time, but that is one that I remember. Annette (yes, that was her name) proved to be most charming society. We had not been on the pier long before its little excitement—the lights—seemed to absolutely sparkle. She bubbled over with joy. She was sparkling, witty, gorgeous, joyful Life itself!"

"A little thing amusing her so much I had in mind to steep her even more in gladness."

"Pooh. This is nothing!" said I. "Come to Geliti's."

"Geliti's?" I said, inquiringly.

"Ah, even Geliti's is a thing of the past. Isn't it? They did you too well there. The tables or were carried out on the plates. Entrées were things you could trust, even when came to curried chicken. Geliti's were guilty of a single trick of the trade—so, at the finish, the Trade tricked Geliti's."

"But at that time Geliti's was in full swing. We went full swing into Geliti's that night ordered champagne for myself, and some sparkling fizzy drink from the American iced fountain. Annette—all to set her clapping her hands as on the pier."

"Then—wonderful mistake—the waiter poured champagne into her glass also! And when pointed out the mistake she simply went—her blue eye—delicious little thing!"

My friend stopped abruptly.

"Hang it," he laughed, "I'm enthusiastic for her still. . . . Well, they took away the drink, and with it the last of my caution."

"I called out gaily, above the sweet music of their tzigane band that I—I, that am a philosopher now—wished to toast that blue eye of hers."

"She raised the glass, and made an odd face. The racing bubbles made her sneeze. Even the blue eye it seemed had not educated her up to champagne. We drank—"

My friend knocked out his pipe.

"It was but the first of many glasses. I think it was Cousin George who called for me after I had paid the bill with one of those holiday fivers from my pocket-book."

"Say no more," I interrupted him. "That was the last you saw of the pocket-book?"

"No—no, you're beside the mark. I have the pocket-book now, and with it the note."

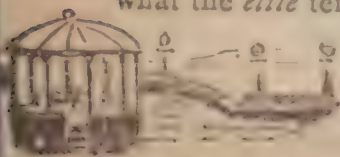
He struck a vesta, and it was easy to read the words written thereon in a decidedly feminine hand:

"My dear Boy, I return herewith your pocket-book, for which your notices of Reward to the finder thereof are disfiguring Brighton, much to the annoyance of 'Cousin' George and me. While there is a certain class of gilded youth who deserves to be preyed upon, it goes to my heart when I find a young Englishman of the present day who can act really like a gentleman. With the exception of the Five Pounds reward which I have taken in advance you will find your notes. Perhaps, when you find how cheaply you have bought your experience you will sometimes think a little kindly of—Annette."

"P.S.—I am very much under the influence of the brown eye this morning. Which do you prefer—the brown or the blue?"

My friend returned the note to his pocket.

"And I don't know now," he sighed, "I am not a little in favour of the blue."



REFORMERS' CORNER

A SKETCH.

"Are you accustomed to the arena of debate, the question was asked somewhat angrily by a thick-set, red-faced man in a rusty silk hat and a frock-coat that was turning slightly green. "No," answered his opponent, a thin, pale man with a whiff of the stable about him. "I can't exactly say as I am."

"Why, sir, do you come out into Hyde Park and waste our time with your interruptions?" asked the first man, "that this is the people's park?"

"Only said—"

The short man moved to another group. He followed him and found a very complacent individual explaining to the little crowd that surrounded him the difference between himself and the Archbishop of Canterbury respecting the meaning of the biblical text.

YEARS AT GREEK.

"You tell me the original Greek of that word," suddenly exclaims a guttural voice, and a head, grey-bearded and spectacled, and surmounted by a huge soft hat, is pushed through the crowd.

The complacent man affects not to hear the question, and continues the breathless monologue of his own logical perfection. But the guttural voice is not to be silenced, and continues to repeat so loudly that the complacent man is obliged to take notice of him.

"Glad to confess," he remarks, in his airy tone, "that I do not understand Greek. I say to you, I confess that because it takes three years to acquire a proper knowledge of that language, and if I had wasted three years in acquiring useless knowledge I should have had at present possess."

Disposed of the matter to his own satisfaction, the complacent individual is about to resume the thread of his original oration when the guttural voice again makes itself heard.

EDUCATION.

"I told you it is useless knowledge?" says the complacent educational authority now admits that a classical education is a waste of time."

"Can you give me the name of a single authority who says that?" asks a young clergyman who has been shifting nervously about and contains himself no longer.

"Every thinking man, every professor, and every man of both universities are agreed upon that."

"Then, allow me to tell you, sir, that you are quite wrong; and as to your assertion that it takes three years to learn Greek, the remark only shows how thoroughly ignorant you are of the whole subject. I would not for a moment compare my knowledge with yours, but I have been studying Greek for ten years, and I am far from possessing complete knowledge of the subject."

"Can I help your want of capacity?" replied the complacent one, cheerfully.

A CLERICAL WRANGLE.

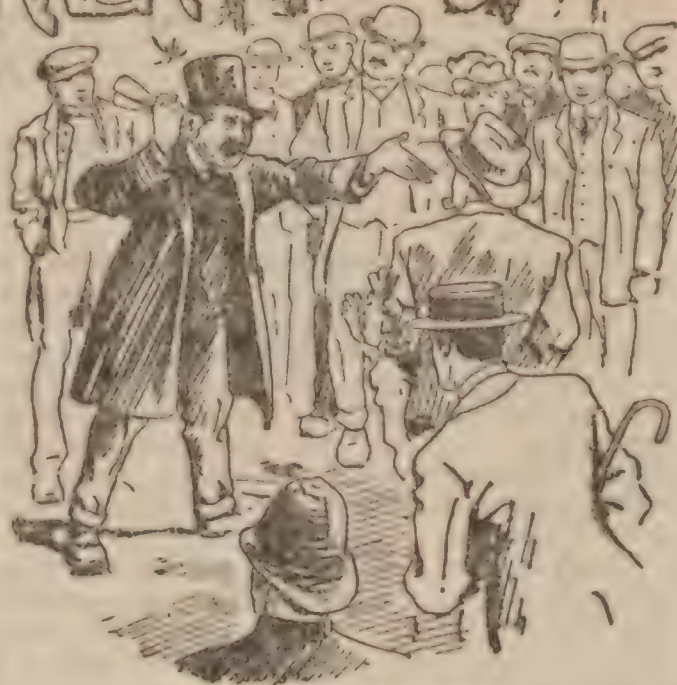
"And as to a classical education being a waste of time," continues the young clergyman, now red with anger, "can you tell me the name of a single authority who supports your statement? Who do you refer to?"

"Whom," corrects the complacent one, acidly. "You may know Greek, my dear sir, but you certainly do not know English."

"I accept your rebuke, sir, I accept your rebuke," replies the young clergyman furiously, "whom do you refer to?"

"I have already said, every don and every professor of both universities are opposed to the value of a classical education."

"I say, sir, that you are utterly wrong. Allow me to tell you, sir, that I travelled up to



London only yesterday with Dr. Blank, one of the greatest dons of Cambridge University, and he was impressing upon me the whole of the time the importance of studying the classics."

"Then, what an ignoramus the man must be," replies the complacent one imperturbably.

"What! Dr. Blank an ignoramus! Why, he is one of the greatest—" The young clergyman can stand it no longer, but pushes through the crowd and hurries away with a homicidal expression in his eye.

AN INVENTIVE GENIUS.

Feeling somewhat irritated with the intense complacency of the complacent man, I pass on to another group, where a tall, thin man is explaining to a little, swarthy German some intricate point in a mythical philosophy of his own invention. The tall man speaks with an educated accent, and seems very conscious of his superior information.

"E's allright," I hear one member of the crowd whisper to another, "e's a M.A."

"And you mean to say," asks the German incredulously, "zat a stone can tink?"

"I mean to say," replies the gentlemen glibly, "that a stone, in common with all other so-called inanimate matter, possesses life. Everything possesses life, it is only a question of degree. In that sense, therefore, since thought is an attribute of life, it is permissible to say that a stone can think."

"But ze life, is it not always associated with vot you call organisation?"

"By no means," replies the tall gentleman, with the patient air of a schoolmaster explaining a very simple matter to an unusually dense child. "Life is a quality of every particle of matter. It varies in its manifestations according to the different aggregations of the atoms of which matter is composed, but that iron railing is just as really alive as that tree."

HOUSING OF THE POOR.

"I am avraid I do not onderstand," says the German, sadly, and being in a similar predicament myself I transfer my attention to a much larger group, where a very short man with a moth-eaten cricket cap is maintaining a vigorous debate on the virtues of Anarchism with a very big man in a black flannel shirt, a velveteen coat, and a cap that appears to be made of rabbit-skin.

"You talk of doing away with all laws," says the man with the rabbit-skin cap. "Why, wot would you do with the lowest class of society? There's a class of people you can't do nothing with. Give 'em a new 'ouse with a scullery and a bath-room, and all the rest of it; wot do you find? Why, in less than a month the bath is full of cabbage leaves an' old tin cans, and the place is a pig's sty."

"You're a-sticking up for the bloated blood-suckers in Park Lane," says the little man.

"I haint. I'm talking of the working-man of the lowest class. 'E's a savage, that's wot 'e is."

Why, look at the County Council 'ouses for the poor; they 'ave to rule them with a rod of iron or they'd be up to their necks in muck."

"It's your governmental system that has made them what they are," replies the little man shrilly. "They have sweated him, fleeced him, and made a slave of him. If he is a savage, then it is civilisation that has made him so, and he'll never be better so long as the conditions remain unchanged."

"I grant you that, old boy," assents the rabbit-skin cap, "I'm as much for reform as you are, don't you make no mistake, but when it comes to doing away with all laws, why—" He indulges in a guffaw in which the majority of the crowd join with great enjoyment.

Another group is engaged in an animated discussion on the fiscal question, in which a gentleman in broken boots and a generally poverty-stricken appearance is asking his opponent: "If I spend fifty thousand a year on horses and wine, how is that going to benefit the working-man?"

CREATION, SCIENTIFIC AND BIBLICAL.

A little further off there is an acrimonious debate on the temperance question between a bibulous-looking individual and a fanatical teetotaler, while several other groups are eagerly discussing the ever-green problem of the first chapter of Genesis.

On my way out of the Park I meet again my friend with the red face and the rusty silk hat. He is talking solemnly to a pale, spectacled young man with very round shoulders.

"In this park, sir," says he impressively, "we discuss every subject under the sun. Religion, science, politics—everything. There's doctors, lawyers, and university men come up here, and they do say," here he dropped his voice almost to a whisper, "that Cabinet Ministers have been seen standing in the crowds."

G. E. WINTER.

BREAD-AND-BUTTER.

In your holiday ramblings you will often pay a visit to a cottage that looks clean, and ask if the inmates can oblige you with some tea. In most cases you will find the cottagers pleasant people, who are quite willing to supply your simple needs, and they will often produce for your pleasure and consumption some home-made delicacies of their own.

But there is one drawback to most meals of this sort, and it is the invariable practice of your temporary hostess to cut your bread-and-butter in thin wafers.

Now, if you have been wandering over the hills for half a day you are in no mood to be put off with tiny thin slices of bread-and-butter. You must have it thick and plentiful. At the outset you ask to have the bread-and-butter cut in thick slices, but the arrival of the plate on the table shows you that your wishes have been neglected.

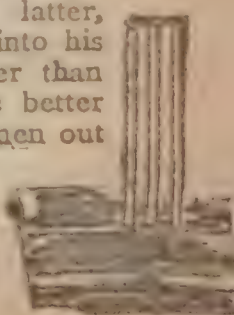
The country cottager seems suddenly incapable of taking you at your word. Having been "obliged" at the outset by the willingness of the people to give you tea, you do not care to make a fuss.

The best way to get what you want is to ask at the outset for the loaf, so that you can cut the bread yourself. Only in this way is it possible to get what you want. Do not let the cottager do the cutting.

STYLE IN SPORT.

In sport it always pays to be a stylist. For style means grace, and grace means ease, and ease means excellence.

Take two men of apparently equal ability, at, say, cricket. Train one to hit hard, but with little regard for style; and train the other to play every stroke easily and stylishly. You will find that, in the end, the latter, without putting half as much "beef" into his batting, will hit much harder and lower than the other. For ease and freedom are better than brute force. It is style that lifts men out from the ruck.



LAWS OF SWIMMING, THE VARIOUS CODES.

In matches where a turn has to be made, competitors must touch the end of the bath or mark, when turning, with one or both hands.

Swimmers, of course, must swim, but at the same time a competitor is not disqualified if he stands on the bottom of the bath, or touch bottom for the purpose of resting, so long as he makes no forward movement.

As regards fouls, such as jostling or impeding another competitor, these in a bath may be accidental owing to the limits of the course. But in open water any foul must be considered wilful, and the offender must be disqualified and reported to the District Executive.

In breast stroke swimming the following rules as laid down by the Amateur Swimming Association must be observed.

(a) Both hands must be pushed forward simultaneously and brought back together.

(b) The body must be kept perfectly on the breast and both shoulders in line with the surface of the water.

(c) When touching at the turn or finishing a race, the touch shall be made with both hands simultaneously.

(d) Any competitor introducing a side-stroke movement shall be disqualified.

In regard to back-stroke swimming, the following are the official regulations:

(a) Competitors shall line up in the water facing the starting end, both hands resting on the end or rail of the bath or course.

(b) At the word "Go" they shall push off and swim upon their backs throughout the race, except at the moment of turning and finishing.

(c) After turning, competitors must place both hands on the end or rail of the bath or course before pushing off as at the commencement of the race.

The A.S.A. laws in regard to under-water competitions or exhibitions are strict. They are absolutely prohibited where it is intended that competitors should try to stay under water longer than sixty seconds, and any competitor who remains under water more than sixty seconds is *ipso facto* disqualified.

This rule does not apply to the tests of the Royal Life-Saving Society, though the sixty seconds limit must be adhered to.

Plunging is thus defined by the A.S.A.: "A plunge shall be a standing dive, made head first from an indicated firm take-off—i.e., diving base—free from spring. The body shall be kept motionless—face downwards—and no progressive action to be imparted to it other than the impetus of the dive. No plunger shall remain under water more than sixty seconds."

In plunging the great thing is to keep straight, for the length of a plunge is measured along a straight line drawn at right angles to the diving base, and by going sideways you inevitable lose distance.

The distances recognised by the A.S.A. for purposes of record are 100 yards, 150 yards, 220 yards, 300 yards, 440 yards, 500 yards, 880 yards, 1,000 yards, one mile, 150 yards Back, 200 yards Breast, Plunging, and 100 yards for ladies.

The A.S.A. has strict amateur rules.

Among others, the following are "acts of professionalism": "Selling, realising upon, or otherwise turning into cash, any prize won." "Accepting remuneration for swimming in public, or for employment in a swimming-bath or elsewhere as an attendant on swimmers. This rule, however, does not apply to a bath manager. An amateur swimmer may not engage in any athletic exercise or teach, train, or coach any person therein for pecuniary gain.

Schoolmasters who teach swimming are exempt from this rule, and so too are paid instructors in life-saving; A. DALTON.

MY NOTEBOOK.

A LITTLE BIT OF KINDNESS.

A gentleman residing in East Dulwich sends me an interesting letter, from which I extract the following:

"I am enclosing an application form for membership in THE MODERN MAN League," he writes. "My two sons are already members, and so father must be one, too."

"My eldest son, when starting for Canada in April last, found on taking his seat at Euston that his *vis-à-vis* was wearing the badge, so they immediately struck up an acquaintance, and in a letter written from the farm where my son is now working he tells me that he was very ill on the voyage, but that his fellow-member, who did not suffer from seasickness, looked after him, took him up on deck, and saw that he was made as comfortable as possible."

"So, if only for this one case of kindness, I beg you to enrol me. Perhaps when moving about the City I may be able to direct, or otherwise assist, some MODERN MAN League member who is a stranger to it."

THE HELP- ING HAND.

I have already printed many letters from readers illustrating the excellent good-feeling that exists between all members of the League. In short, THE MODERN MAN League is a form of freemasonry which is superior to all other forms, because no rules or regulations are attached to it, and there is no cost or subscription.

The very fact that you are a member makes you one with all the other members throughout the country.

They are not obliged to help you, and you are not obliged to help them, but you are both delighted to do it when an opportunity occurs.

The fact that you are both readers of this paper proves that you have something in common, and makes you feel that you have known one another for a long time.

In the case of our great schools and universities one finds a similar esprit-de-corps.

In the dear old days of the past you were at Rugby or Harrow or Eton, and you come across a man whom you discover was there also, perhaps years after you left or years before you went there, but the fact that he once attended the same school as yourself makes you do for him anything that lies in your power. You are not obliged to do so, but you do it—and you do it with pleasure.

The feeling of mutual obligation is much the same in connection with THE MODERN MAN League.

I could not have established this paper unless you on your part had been willing and ready to receive it. Even if you had liked it, the paper could not have lived without the support of many others. We have all put our backs into it; we all endeavour, so far as lies in our power, to follow the principles of good-fellowship and good sportsmanship which are voiced in its pages. That is why we like to help one another, and it is most gratifying to me to know that I have been the means of thus fostering that human kindness which makes life a more pleasant thing.

FINANCIAL PROPHECY.

As I have already explained to you, this paper does not in any way pretend to be a newspaper, for we have to go to press a considerable time in advance of publication in order that our readers throughout the length and breadth of the country shall receive their copies simultaneously.

This fact makes it particularly difficult to run such a feature as that which you find in the second column of page 19.

Finance is at all times a difficult matter to treat, but I am happy to say that I have been able to make arrangements with one of the best authorities in the City of London to act as my Financial Editor.

For some time past I have been watching most

closely the hints he has been giving to my readers and I am happy to say that in every instance advice has been right.

A notable example has been the case of Mexican Rails. He recommended Mexican stock to readers long before this particular money market thought anything of in the general money market. His recommendation of them in THE MODERN MAN was promptly followed by a phenomenal rise in this particular stock. Those readers who acted upon the advice given to them made a good deal of money.

Speculation on the Stock Exchange is a game that should not be indulged in unless you can afford to lose the money you are speculating with, but for those who can afford to do so, and who want the best financial advice obtainable, I can with every confidence recommend the notes which appear weekly on our business page.

THE VALUE OF VARIOUS FEATURES.

I am reminded of a letter written before me. Its writer thought you ought to stop the feature altogether. It does not interest me at all, for I never have any money to invest; in fact, the only thing about your paper is the 'Outer Man' page. I don't you stop all the other features and devote the whole paper to men's clothes?"

I would suggest to this correspondent instead of reading THE MODERN MAN he should support one of the tailoring trade papers, which he will find are devoted entirely to the subject that lies nearest his heart.

I know very well that it is impossible for every reader, but in a paper of this kind, think, possible to touch on most subjects with masculine interest with advantage.

There are certain sports which do not appeal to you, and you can avoid the articles dealing with these sports and still find that you have had value for your money.

My instructions to contributors who deal with special subjects are that they shall make a treatment of these subjects so interesting that they shall be acceptable not only to the contributors, but also to the general reader, and I am happy to say that this plan has met with the approbation of the vast majority of my public.

MANY OPINIONS.

From time to time I have received criticisms of the paper, and I have a very substantial bundle of them. They are very interesting and very contradictory.

These are some of the opinions:

"'Check' is one of your best features, and frequently take the liberty of extracting some of the jokes from that column and using them in my business. They always go down well with my audience." "Why not give us another article instead of 'Check.' I dislike the feature frequently to be found there."

"I am delighted to see that the Richard stories are back again. Never, never drop them, they are the best feature of the paper." "The criticism I can suggest is that you should have a new series of stories in place of the Selby stories. I have never read these, and the pages devoted to them are waste space to me."

"I like your sporting articles very much, but don't care for character sketches and sketches of the country." "What I like best in the paper is Mr. Easton-Grey's method of depicting the life of the country."

I have sorted some of these criticisms and placed them side by side just to show you how contradictory criticisms can be. At the same time, all opinions that may be offered to me are helpful, for it is by means of them that I am enabled to meet your wishes.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.



ON WRITING LETTERS.

HOW A MAN TACKLES THE JOB.

While the average man hates writing letters private letters I mean—there are some who do not. Such men are often of an "old-maidish" kind, like most women, they write reams of saying anything worth the hearing. To the average man, however, letter-writing is a hateful task, and he approaches it in a state of mingled resignation and disgust. It is the man's usual day for clearing up correspondence, and he may tackle it in the morning or after tea.

"I s'pose I must go and tackle those letters," he growls, as he fills his breakfast pipe, or lights up that cigarette which is so pleasant after a Sunday afternoon snooze and a cup or two of tea. He starts with the conviction that he has a goodly quantity of letters to write, and possibly in his shirt sleeves, he proceeds to say it.

There is the pater or the mater to be written. Oh, well, they can wait; let us get rid of the duty ones first.

There is Aunt Jane—old cat, but still it is not be wise to offend her—we have explanations from that quarter.

Now what the devil can a man say to a woman like Aunt Jane, a prim little soul who is a one godforsaken part of the country and reads Mr. Martin Tupper every day of her life?

He plunges into an extremely laboured composition, which consists mainly of inquiries about Aunt Jane and Tobias, the pug, are keeping that the country is looking nice, perhaps a fictitious account of a visit to the British Museum, or some other improving never occurs to us that Aunt Jane, stuck in the country, would like a bright, personal letter, full of ourselves, and the doings of the town, and a bit of a spice of scandal.

Aunt Jane, who is not an idiot, sees through all stilted composition, and becomes confirmed than ever in her opinion that there's young Bill Johnson. Bill has been an ass of himself and, apparently, two quid is all that stands between him and dreadful things. All right, Bill, you've got it, but kindly remember, our Christian friend, that we are not the Bank of England.

After rather pleased with ourselves, we write a few dry invitations, and either accept or invent water-tight excuses.

One, however, that gives us pause. From Mrs. Mainchance, and invites us to a family—family heavily underlined—Humph, we don't like Mrs. Mainchance, we strongly suspect her of having been on our bachelorhood on behalf of our eldest daughter, Mary.

Mary is all right for a harmless flirtation, we have heard ugly tales of Mrs. Mainchance suddenly springing the "Bless you, children" act on guileless youths. Better wonder what old Bob Jones is doing. We have a letter from him somewhere. He is. Bob's spelling is all his own, and his idea of a letter is a series of disconnected questions. Polish Bob off, and tell him the latest story from the Footlers' smoking room.

To tackle the mater. Mustn't tell her we have been playing polo, or she would be disappointed; so describe how much I enjoyed the game of hockey on horseback. The Lord, that's finished, and now for the pipe and a big whisky-and-soda.

EDMUND HORRIDGE.



EASILY ANSWERED.

The small boy wiped his sleeve over his little nose and gazed in terror at the bench.

"Now," said the magistrate, "I want you to be very careful when you answer this question. Was your father under the influence of drink when your mother hit him with the rolling-pin?"

The boy looked relieved. He could answer that one.

"No, sir," he replied smartly. "He was under the table."

HIS RULE.

The sporting young man was trying to impress the old country innkeeper, whose rooms he was engaging.

"I have one rule and stick to it," said the youth. "I always pay as I go."

"Pardon me," answered the host. "You'll have to alter it with these rooms. You'll pay as you go in."

TOO MUCH.

She was a pretty girl, or he would not have listened for half an hour while she explained why woman should have the vote, knowing that he was due to play in a four-some three miles away in ten minutes' time.

He politely agreed with everything she said; but when she passed on to an entirely new argument, his patience came to an end.

"Generally speaking," she began, "women are—"

"Why, of course, they are," he interrupted.

"Are what?" she asked.

"Generally speaking," he retorted, and his departure for the links was not delayed.

LOGICAL.

The trainer of race-horses dashed through the gate and brought back the man with the rusty frock-coat and the black bag, holding him firmly by the scruff of the neck.

He escorted him to the saddle-room, and, turning him round, inquired savagely: "Now, you little beast, what do you mean by calling that stuff you sold me a fortnight ago hair-restorer?"

The itinerant chemist edged towards the door.

"What was the matter with it?" he asked, very mildly.

"Matter with it!" fumed the trainer.

"Why, if I'd gone on using it, I should have been absolutely bald by now. You said it would restore my head to its original condition."

"Well," answered the chemist, with his hand on the door-handle, "you were born bald, so that would have been its original condition, wouldn't it?"

WHY?—

WITH REASONS.

Why is the song "Annie Laurie" unpleasant to Crippen?

Because he dislikes the line "When early falls the Dew."

Why are so many sportsmen grumbling just now?

Because the grouching season has started.

Why has King George consented to be the Patron of the Kennel Club?

Because his motto is "Sea Dogs for Ever!"

Why do so few people go to church nowadays?

Because the great majority like ale better than aisle.

Why are "The Two Bobs" so popular at the Tivoli?

Because they are sterling performers.

Why has the aviator Olieslagers an unfortunate name?

Because it suggests a bier.

Why did Mr. George Robey discard his real name, Wade?

Because he didn't wish to be Wade in the balance and found wanting.

Why do so many card-sharps play Nap?

Because when they find a greenhorn with money they keenly desire to bone-a-part.

Why does Miss Gertie Gitana call herself "a positive genius"?

Because it is another way of being superlative.

Why have a large number of American women formed a "Kiss Not" Club?

Because they want to save their faces.

A NEW KIND OF FOOTBALL.

At their recent annual general meeting the Football Association passed a resolution legalising the use in League and Cup football of balls the covering of which is made of some substance other than leather.

This is an important matter, for there is already on the market a football which looks like ousting the old leather-covered sphere. Its covering is made of a patent rubber composition, and a fair trial has revealed the following merits: There are no seams to split, or laces to cut a player's face should the ball strike him; it does not lose its shape, and, above all, being absolutely waterproof, it does not become heavy and water-logged in wet weather.

Every footballer knows the horrors of playing with a sodden ball, especially goal-keepers and full-backs.

The indiarubber-covered ball seems likely to be a success, for among other virtues the cover is practically indestructible.

AIDS TO SPORT.

The sun, warm and jolly, striking you genially on the back. He is the cricketer's best friend.

The turn of the tide, when sea-fish, especially codling, bite voraciously.

A strong and friendly current that carries your skiff easily along with it.

A long, broad stretch of well-metalled road, sloping slightly downwards. This is the cyclist's greatest pleasure.

A bright, cool day, with scarcely a breath of wind, when every bullet seems to find the bull's-eye.



RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

ADAPTABILITY.

The modern tendency is to specialise, and this is creeping into sport generally with bad effect.

The ordinary man does not want to be an adept at one game and a muff at all others, but to be in a position to enjoy any sport that comes his way.

It is a great mistake to confine one's attention to any particular game and neglect all others.

Like everything else, adaptability at games is only to be achieved by practice.

If a man gives all his spare time to cricket, it is probable that, when one day he is invited to a tennis-party, he will find, to his dismay, that it takes him an astonishingly long time to get any idea of the game.

I have come across many men who devote every possible moment to golf, but when the links are far away, they are left lamenting that they have no enjoyable method of taking exercise.

Become a crack at your favourite game by all means; but, when the opportunity presents itself, try your hand at others.

If you are good at cricket and football, there is no reason why you should not look out for the opportunity of picking up a little of swimming, tennis, or golf.

When you have picked up one or two games, and you run across a sport that is entirely new to you, the facility with which you get hold of it will be a pleasant surprise. You will then have achieved adaptability.

A STRENUOUS EXERCISE.

This exercise is intended to strengthen the abdominal muscles, a part of the body which is only too often neglected by the physical culture enthusiast.

The muscles of the abdomen play a very important part in the general fitness of the body.

They are, however, tender, and I must caution my readers against overdoing any exercise prescribed for their development.



An exercise that must not be repeated too often.

In this exercise sit on the floor, with the hands well spread out behind the shoulder-blades,

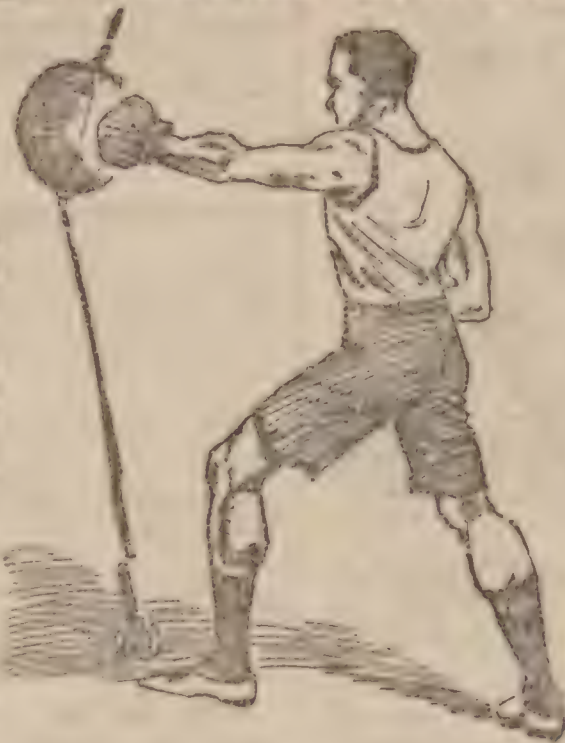
so that the chest is well expanded.

See that the fingers are pointed outwards, and that the heels are kept firmly planted on the ground.

Throw the head well back, and slowly raise the body until the head and the heels are in a straight line.

The more slowly this motion is performed the greater the benefit one will derive from the exercise.

Do not do this more than five or six times consecutively each morning, and be especially careful not to bring the body up with a jerk, as this would be decided dangerous.



OVER-DEVELOPING.

One is constantly coming across pictures of men with biceps resembling a leg of mutton and shoulders like those of an ox. The astonishing thing is that these figure in the advertisements of the various physical culture experts.

The idea of physical culture is not to create enormous muscles. They may be of use to the weight-lifter, but they are certainly of no use to other people.

If a man does develop such muscles, it is ten to one that his enthusiasm for their development will in time cease, with the result that he relaxes his efforts and becomes flabby instead of muscular.

What is wanted is general fitness, and that is what I aim

at in my system of exercises.

Do not neglect one part of the body for another. A little exercise for all the muscles is infinitely better than a huge development of one set, and the general figure will benefit by the one, whereas its equipoise will be spoilt by the other.

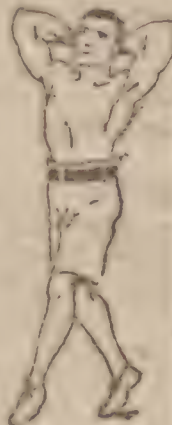
THE "TEA-POT" EXERCISE.

Those of my readers who are by way of being experts at rinking will realise at once what the motions of this exercise are when I call it the "tea-pot" exercise.

For those who are rinkers, but decidedly not experts, it may summon up visions of bumped heads, and they may decide to stick to a safer form of physical culture. I can assure these timid ones, however, that the back leg has not got the awkward habit of running away, as it does when shod with the four wheels.

And now for the exercise. Stand with the hands clasped behind the head, and one foot advanced. Rise on to the toes, and, advancing the foremost foot, sink slowly to the ground. It is amazingly difficult to keep one's balance if one sinks down slowly, as one should.

Do the exercise with the legs being forward alternately, and repeat from five to ten times.



Do this very slowly.

BATHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Many men when they leave home to live in diggings find the absence of the bath-room one of the greatest discomforts of their new life.

They have been used to a large bath, in which they could lie at full length, and to which there was a plentiful supply of hot and cold water. Consequently when their landlady shows them the little tin arrangement which she calls a bath, but which, by comparison with the bath they have been accustomed to, seems about the size of a large saucer, their dismay is great.

They try standing up in the bath and throwing the water over their bodies, but the landlady objects to her carpet being soaked through each morning, and they are driven to wash merely to the waist.

There is no need, however, to do this.

The first essential to anything approaching comfort in using a small bath is a sponge of

reasonable proportions. This will mean outlay of half a crown to four shillings, and will be money well spent.

Sit in the bath, with the legs crossed in fashion, and wet the body all over. Apply the soap, and then follow with a swilling.

With practice a man is able by this method to have a fairly comfortable tub in a small bath without sending more than a drop or two of water on to the carpet.

A BREAST-STROKE EXERCISE.

Here is another exercise for developing the abdominal muscles, and again I must warn my readers against repeating it more than half a dozen times each morning.

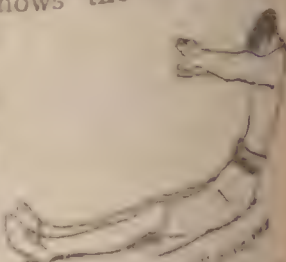
The illustration shows the second of three positions in this exercise.

The first position is to lie flat on the back, with the arms stretched behind the head, the thumbs touching.

Raise the head and shoulders, and, when doing so, bring the arms to the front as shown in illustration.

From this position swing the arms outwards, as in the breast-stroke in which will bring the shoulders forward and the chest well out.

Return very slowly to the first position.



This exercise develops a strong back.

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COX

SOME OF THE DUTIES OF THE MOST USEFUL MAN TO THE CREW.

"Well rowed, you men!" As the racing eight is brought gracefully to the raft, and eight exhausted men strive valiantly to conceal the temporary ravages done upon their organisms by the race which they have just won, hats hurtle up into the air, and every degree of strength applaud with enthusiasm. But one figure remains practically unnoticed.

While the other members of the crew are waving their arms almost shaken off by exuberant admirers, he is hailed by hardly a voice. And yet the victory of the crew is as much, if not more, due to him than anybody else.

THE BRAINS OF THE CREW.

For he is the general of the fight. He is the brain that prompted that last great spurt that won the race. And it seems by no means fair that the great part he has played should receive due recognition.

For there are many men who can be turned into good oarsmen, but comparatively few who make good coxswains. And it is with the object of demonstrating to those of our readers who are unaware of it, how important are the duties of the cox, both in practice and in a race, that this article is written.

Let us imagine that we have got him into the boat—he is always the last man to enter—and that the craft has been pushed off from the side. His first care now is to get



her head pointing as straight as possible in the direction in which he wants to go, before he gives the order to row. This is because, for the first half-dozen strokes or so, he wants to put on no steerage at all. The use of the rudder—at all times disconcerting to a crew—is always most noticeable during the first few strokes—that is, when they have not properly settled down into their swing.

NEGOTIATING A BEND.

Approaching a bend in the river is an anxious moment for the cox. Owing to her great length, an eight, of necessity, turns very slowly, and in rounding a corner she always tends to push her nose well out into the stream. So that if he is worth his salt, he starts putting on the steerage a little before the bend is reached.

And here we might point out a very common fallacy. This is the idea that a coxswain should swing up and down with the crew. His line of sight is quite sufficiently interfered with by the moving bodies of his crew without swaying about himself, a procedure which will also render accurate and steady steering entirely out of the question.

He should not shift about, either, on his seat. Perhaps the boat may be too broad for him, if he is a very slightly-built chap; and in this case he should be wedged in by some means or other.

GETTING HOME.

When the last "easy" has been called in a practice spin or the winning-post passed in a race the oarsmen's anxiety is over. They have finished their work; but not so the cox. He has to bring the boat into the raft, a task which anybody who has done it will recognise as a considerably trying one.

First of all, the boat must be "eased" early so that there is not too much way on; and brought in with her nose up-stream, particularly when a heavy current or tide is running. Whereas he is the last to get into the boat, he must be the first to get out of it, so as to assist in holding it while the men are getting out. And finally, he must keep an eye on his steering gear to protect it from being knocked about while the craft is being returned to the boathouse. Then—and only, then—is it permitted to him to change.

Finally, it is recognised as an exploded fallacy in first-class rowing circles that a good cox should always be a bantam-weight. Naturally a good light man in the steering seat is preferable to a heavy man who is no better; but a really skilful coxswain of, say, nine stone is an infinitely greater acquisition than a poor one who weighs even a couple of stone lighter.

T. BARKER.



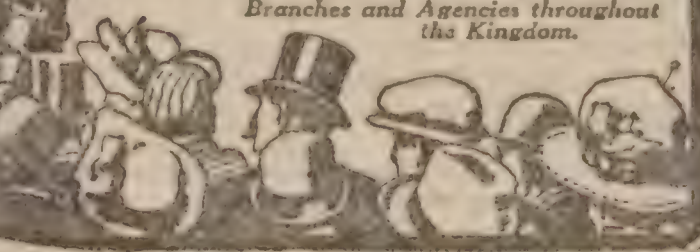
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Business

THE AMERICAN POSITION

All markets improved a little last week, and, although prices may react again, that is no reason why investors should not continue to buy their favourite stocks for the rise which is before the autumn.

The American position has been cleared considerably by the relief afforded by the Kuhn-Loeb group to the Anglo-Canadian Syndicate, headed by Dr. Pearson and Mr. Farquhar. This syndicate had been carrying far too much Missouri Pacific and Rock Island (Common and Preferred) stock.

That the investments in Rock Island stocks by Farquhar and Pearson (both of whom have been recently elected to the Rock Island Board) will prove right in the long run, I have no doubt; but those gentlemen should have asked the permission of the big financial wire-pullers in Wall Street before dealing in such huge lines of stock. However, the position is all right now, and, if the corn area does not strike a dry spell at the end of August, Rock Island shares ought to double in price.

RHODESIANS AND RUBBERS.

I see the Rhodesia Copper Company has entered the dividend paying list in declaring 5 per cent., and the prospects of this property justify a higher price for the shares.

There are many more bargains for the investor in the Rhodesian market.

Rubber shares are fairly steady and when financial matters are more favourable in the City I expect to see a further considerable rise in the sound concerns.

Oil shares have been quiet, but the time is approaching when we shall see a decided movement here, and those of my readers who believe in the future of oil cannot do better than buy the shares of the G. M. Oilfields at anything like the present price of 2 to 2½.

There is not the slightest doubt that if the oil boom does come—and those who ought to know say it must—these shares will rise faster than any other share in this market and probably go to £10 per share.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. S.—I do not reply to anonymous letters. If you will write again with name and address, I shall do my best to assist you.

B. W. S.—(1) I do not advise dealing with the firm you mention. (2) Yes, but speculators must be prepared for widely fluctuating markets for some time to come.

P. J.—I know nothing of the first firm you mention. With the second I think you would be safe to obtain any profit made. (2) Robert H. Ingersoll and Bro., Audrey House, Ely Place, E.C.

"SHAREHOLDER" (Sheffield).—I do not advise a purchase of Mexamerican shares. You would probably be able to obtain City of Paris Bonds through the Crédit Lyonnais, 40, Lombard Street, E. C.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

Sport ! The mere mention of the word conjures up mental pictures of different kinds of enclosures or tracts of country, whose upkeep has cost considerable sums of money ; beautifully levelled expanses of green turf, on which stalwart bronzed men disport themselves with bat and ball ; wind-swept links, where the staccato smack and whistle of the driven Haskell, is music for the golfer's ears ; and majestic stretches of rolling English country, with an old dog-fox stealing away over field and meadow, hounds in full cry, and the field well up with them.

That is what the magic word suggests to most of us ; but sport flourishes in very different places. Luckily for Britons, sport—by which we mean the great sporting spirit—is the heritage of all of us ; and in the matter of sport, we are all of us Socialists.

Reader, are you of a thoughtful turn of mind? Then come with us ; and we will show you some ugly places where sport flourishes under conditions you perhaps have never dreamed of.

A narrow dirty street of high houses in the last stages of destitution and decay. Over a huge iron bridge that crosses it trains rush shrieking from time to time; children wail continually on broken doorsteps; and women shrill out commands to them from high windows overhead. An everlasting struggle for the barest necessities of life seem to be the spirit of the place.

Surely there are no sportsmen here !

But there are. Down along this dingy street you will see a crowd of urchins gathered together. But they are disposed in some sort of order. A battered oil-can stands in the middle of the street, and the ragamuffins are grouped about it like pilgrims round a shrine. From a little distance one of them hurls a ball of paper, screwed up and tied with string, at the can, and another, as if in anger, smites this missile away with a roughly-hewn piece of wood. A cry goes up—"Ketch it! Ketch it!" Two grimy hands dart out, and it is caught. Crestfallen, the smiter tenders his implement to another youth, and leaves the scene of action.

Lo and behold, these boys are playing cricket. And the spirit of sport flourishes no less strongly on that poor pitch than at Lords' or the Oval.

When summer begins to wane into autumn, fully variegated construction, and spirited League matches will take place.

The form displayed by these little dribblers and tacklers will not be bad either, for the British slum-child is born with more football in him than, perhaps, any other game. The writer well remembers having seen in a dingy street in Fulham a small boy "keeping goal" better than he has ever seen an urchin of the same age—about eleven—do it at a public school.

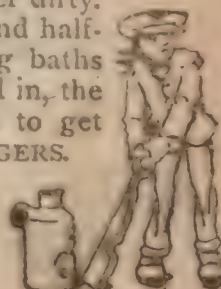
Sometimes, fairly late in the evening, when the roar of the City's toil has died down, you will see a band of youths, of ages varying from nine to sixteen or so, "training" in the streets. They are all of the poorest, but the enthusiasm they display in acquiring bodily fitness is worthy of Oxford or Cambridge running Blues.

What is more, they all manage in some way or other to "dress the part." Running shorts of strange pattern and design, which they have doubtless coaxed toilworn mothers or sisters to make for them, and light vests form part of their equipment. The poor little fellows' only weak point is their "running shoes." Most of these are far too heavy for use in say an L.A.C. half-mile handicap, for old football boots, many sizes too large, are the preponderating form of footgear.

A very salutary point about the average slum-child is that after a certain age he is never dirty. This is because he hoards his farthings and half-pennies to go to the twopenny swimming baths every Saturday ; and once he has plunged in, the attendant has a notoriously difficult task to get him out again.

S. ROGERS.

S. ROGERS.



V. SYMMONDS.

THE AUTHOR

SOME JOYS AND TRIALS OF HIS LIFE.

"I met the seventeen-year-old William at the stalls entrance, where he was smoking a cigarette and improving his mind by flirting with the programme girl."

I had been dilatory over my first interval Bass.

"Curtain's just gone up," said he. "You'll have to stay until the yellow-haired girl's done the preliminary jawing. Seen the guv'nor?"

The stalls were crowded. His father's bald head was not particularly distinguishable from anyone else's.

I put this fact in a different and, I trust, more attractive form.

"He's with the Author!" said William. "I was suitably impressed."

"Where?" I asked.

"Third row on the other side. He's sitting in my seat—the Author of this thing. That's how I managed to get a word with this girl. Not bad lookin' is she?"

In this age of Boy Scouts one expects remarks of this sort from the mouths of babes and sucklings. I merely fell in with his criticism, insisting that if her nose had been slightly less *retroussée* her profile might almost have been Grecian.

However, I felt it an occasion when, to quote the deathless Caesar, a "strategic move back" was the winning policy. One may not speak disparagingly of feminine charms in the presence of a lady, only when one is referring to someone else.

Under these given circumstances, no skilful courtier ever leaves a remark of that sort out of his conversation.

"She is A4, isn't she?" William went on. "And I've just been comparing with her the number of plays we've both seen. I should have met her before, you know, only instead of starting at the bottom and working up, same as in most jobs, she starts at the top, the upper circle—in black cashmere dresses—and is at the head of her particular game when she gets down to the stalls—this time in glacé silk owing to the fact that programmes are sixpence and chaps who come to theatres never seem to have a coin upon them smaller than a bob."

"Authors? Knows dozens of 'em. This chap is one of the best. Good for a quid, she says, if the show goes all right."

"And he must be clever because the actor-manager lets a lot of his lines pass just as he writes 'em. She told me that. But I was able to cap her yarn. You see, I know the Author. I say, it must be ripping to write plays—"

"When they pay—"

"Ye-es. But anyway, look how popular you are with all your old chums. The Author of this thing was explaining this—(sitting in my seat)—when I was coming away. Half the stalls are full of his friends, college chums, school chums—some, as he said, whom he hardly remembers and never sees except on first nights."

"Fancy being able to give free passes to all the chaps you used to go to school with (specially if they used to crow over you at school about anything), and say, 'Just come along and see my play, old sport!'"

"Then," he went on dreamily, "think how nice it would be to say to a good-lookin' actress—this one, for instance—(William produced not less than a dozen postcard photographs of the same pretty lady.) "'Er—if you wouldn't mind standing rather more up-stage and putting the accent on the last word, it would be more effective, and with



a full lime on, of course, you'd look charming."

"I say, don't you think it would be nice to say to this girl, 'You'd look charmin'?"

"Oh, charming," I echoed.

"All in an Author's job," said William, wagging his head knowingly. "And even then you rarely find any side about 'em. Take this chap, for instance. Why he went and lived in the East-End for no end of a time. (Ha, ha! There are lots of things like that in his plays.)"

"Of course, as the guv'nor says, you must take all things that Authors tell you with about half a salt-mine, because they are, by nature, the most plausible spinners of 'woppers' you can meet, and the best of 'em are golfers into the bargain."

"Anyhow, he says that he had to live there for the purpose of gettin' local colour for one of his books, 'Ria of Ratcliff Highway.' You'll quite see that the thing was to get a 'Ria' to the life, which is different to cultivatin' the acquaintance of the simple and homely girl who marries the Colonial heroes in the end."

"But about this 'Ria.' First of all she had to be pretty. Well, that sort are usually 'booked' even in the East-End."

"However, that worked in properly when the Author discovered his 'Ria,' because, in what he terms the 'skeleton plot' of his book, it was a given thing (like those beastly

problems of Euclid) that A (a costermonger and a villain) had to be in love with 'Ria, a beautiful girl, daughter of an actor but changed by the nurse for her own in extreme infancy).

"That's pretty good, isn't it?"

"C had to be the handsome young West-End gentleman who finally captures 'Ria from the costermonger. To make it realistic, the Author entered very heartily into the part, courting a real 'Ria, who had come the 'change hats' stage with Bill Hopkins, a real costermonger."

"C was a part that took on 'Ratcliff Highway way, and 'Ria in actual life was beauty right up to her part in the book."

"They—the Author and 'Ria—used to go on long walks down to the canal or to the works and back, the Author givin' a small amount of false affection in return for miles upon miles of first-hand 'copy.'—the worst of it was, the Author was too good an actor in this particular part, the orchestra came some tender 'incidental music'."

"Why, yes," I said (from the orchestra), "a poor girl actually fell in love with him, a blighted life, and so on?"

"Oh, no. Bill Hopkins found out. He met the Author one night, and instead of blighting the girl's life, the Author's life was blighted. . . . You do get some experience being an Author!"

ROGER BELLA

TEETOTALERS AND NON-SMOKERS

Have you ever noticed that the man goes to extremes in anything "kind" in character?

It is a strange fact that, almost without exception, the man who rigidly eschews drinking and smoking is a miserable man. He is uncompanionable with most of his fellow-men. In a sense, his principles are a form of downright selfishness. But the man who steers the middle course, who drinks and a smoke now and then in moderation, enjoys life and has a host of friends.

Mackie and Co., Distillers, Ltd., who are proprietors of the famous "White Horse" whisky, it to be known that any licensed house refilling "White Horse" empty bottles or wise tampering with the quality will be supplied of "White Horse" for the future.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain many thousands of potential who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen. The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety pin, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, West-End Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

BY ADAM STERN.

...ing on the river to-night, said Richard, during tea. "Don't let's go in yet," said Jim. "I feel like a walk."

They strolled on.

"I'll tell you how it happened. I was down by the riverside the other night when she broke through the bushes, a man after her. He struck her and knocked her down. I tried to serve the brute the same, but he bolted. Then she told me a pitiful tale, and of course I bucked her up as well as I could. That's everything—except that I've seen her a time or two since."

"M—m. It's a situation which is bound to involve unpleasantness."

"You wouldn't have me chuck her up because of that, would you?"

"Yes," said Richard, decisively.

"It isn't your usual way."

"The matter itself is unusual."

Jim deliberated. "Well, I shall go on with it," he said at length, stubbornly.

"Nothing more to be said, then," returned Richard.

"There is. There's a good deal more to say."

Jim was losing his temper. "I know it amounts to putting her against you."

"Bosh!"

"It does. If I stand by her, and—and decide to take care of her, to go where she goes—"

"Jim, you're talking like a novelette."

"I don't care. I'm in dead earnest. If it isn't her nature to stay in one place, if she wants to roam about, I'm prepared to turn nomad with her. There you have it, straight from the shoulder. It means break with you, for I shouldn't be able to turn up regularly at the works, and that wouldn't suit you."

"It certainly wouldn't," said Richard. "And how do you propose to get your living?"

"I've taken pot-luck before. I can do it again."

There was no doubt about Jim's sincerity. Richard was concerned, and not in the least inclined to laugh at him. It looked as though, in *affaires d'amour*, Jim was fated to be unfortunate. He abruptly resolved to pit his influence against this new one that had arisen.

"Answer me one question," he said crisply. "How much money have you given her up to now?"

As he anticipated, Jim stopped in his stride. "Damn you," he said furiously. "What are you hinting at? I—I refuse to tell you."

"I thought as much," said Richard, cynically.

"It's the last time I confide in you any affairs of mine." Jim turned about, and set off in the direction of the farm. "The last time," he called over his shoulder.

"Think so?" muttered Richard, as he slowly followed. "I don't."

The subject was not mentioned between them again that night, nor the next day at the works. There was no sulkiness in Richard's composition, and that very faculty was successful in dispelling sulkiness in others. Jim, who had been disposed to be silent, found by evening that their old cordiality had insensibly returned.

At six o'clock, their customary time for leaving, Richard said:

"We'll stay late to-night, Jim. I want your help in getting out a new price-list."

"But—but—" The observation was made so casually that it seemed unworthy to suspect there was a double meaning in it. "But I was rather anxious to get away," said Jim, hesitating.

"Business first," said Richard, with the same casualness, as he sat down at his desk.

"Particularly anxious," corrected Jim.

"I can't do it without you," added Richard, which, like all flattery, was not the truth. "You've got the writing knack. I haven't. We'll have a telling introduction—self-advertising, but without bombast. Here's the scheme."

Jim stood uncertain. It was the first time he had not been immediate in obeying orders.

"I suppose you will figure out the prices?" he said. "That will be a longer job than mine. I can soon knock off my part."

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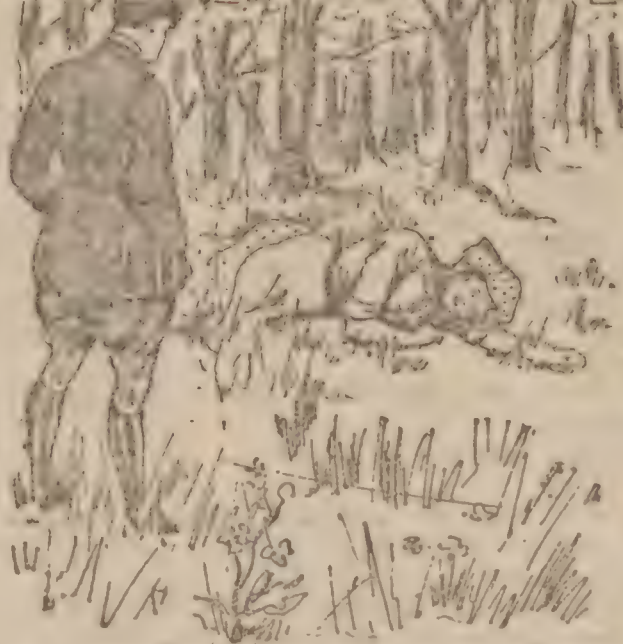
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RICHARD SELBY'S RIVAL



"Queer," muttered Richard, "damned queer! I wonder if he's aware what a fool he is? . . . I've a good mind to ask him."

Half an hour after he had entered "The Stag" Jim came in. He seemed morose and unwilling to talk, and presently signified his intention of going home. Richard accompanied him out.

He understood his friend well, and knew there was some trouble on his mind. Ordinarily he was not one to enforce a confidence, but to-night he had a purpose in doing so. And to have a purpose, with Richard, was to act.

He remained silent for a minute or two, allowing Jim opportunity for communicativeness if he wished it, then, as they reached the narrow lane leading to the farm, he said—

"I saw you to-night, Jim."

It was dark, but he was sure his companion started.

"Where?"

"Down in Horley Wood, by the river."

"Was I alone?"

"No."

"By gad, Dick!" exclaimed Jim, with sudden anger, "have you been —"

As suddenly he stopped.

"Been what?" inquired Richard.

"Oh, nothing," muttered Jim.

"Out with the word."

A pause. "Spying, I was going to say."

"You're an idiot, Jim. But it shows me you know as well as I do it's damn foolery having anything to do with a gipsy girl."

"How do you know she's a gipsy?"

"I saw her."

A silence.

"No affair of mine," added Richard. "But I just give you the tip."

"She's unhappy. I'm sorry for her."

"You'll make her a good deal unhappier if you don't drop it."

"Why do you say that?"

"Come, Jim, you don't need any telling."

"You mean that sort never settle down; that they're foreign—alien. Well?"

"You would have to turn gipsy yourself, that's all."

"And if I did?"

"You know best," said Richard, "whether it's in you. There's another thing to consider. You'd probably get your skull bashed in by the men of her tribe."

"I should take her away from them."

"They'd be after you, pretty slick."

"Damn it, Dick, you're not encouraging."

"I don't want to be. It's feeling of the worst sort. If you were a different kind of man I should think you were after something else, but I know it isn't that."

"I'm only sorry for her; she's being ill-treated."

"They're used to it. She'd ill-treat you."

"Dick, you don't know her. She's like a gazelle. She's got eyes—"

...

He waited for Richard to answer, but Richard seemed absorbed.

"Will to-morrow do?" he asked.

"No," said Richard, gazing quietly at him.

Jim turned to his desk with tightened lips.

His first essay at the task Richard decided would not do. It was ten o'clock before a satisfactory result was achieved.

"Too late to ride home," said Richard. "We'll put up at Mark's."

He was tidying up as he spoke, and had no eye for the sudden flush on Jim's face.

"I'd rather not," answered Jim. "You stay if you feel like it. For my part, I never sleep so well in a strange bed."

"You won't be able to catch the seven-thirty to Liverpool to-morrow morning," continued Richard, "if you go to Darley."

"The seven-thirty to Liverpool! What for?"

"To get orders—what else? I'm too busy to go."

"You've sprung this on me very unexpectedly."

"Nothing unusual."

"What's the reason?"

"I've told you the reason. Business."

"I must go to Darley first."

"You won't have time."

"I must go," repeated Jim doggedly.

Richard turned to him with face unmoved.

"You have the choice," he said.

Jim's fists slowly clenched. His eyes met Richard's unflinchingly, and for a space there was silence.

"So you call it a choice!" he said.

"I do," said Richard.

"I understand." He gave a short, hard laugh.

"I either go to Darley and please myself, or to Liverpool to please you. If I don't please you I shan't have the chance again."

Richard did not speak. His friend had expressed it with admirable clearness.

"Very well," said Jim. "I go to Liverpool."

There was restrained anger in his voice, and he added: "But let me tell you this. It will make no difference to—the other thing in my mind. You have made me miss one appointment to-night. You can't make me miss all."

Richard simply said, putting on his hat, "Ready?"

"Yes, I'm ready. But there's one other thing, Dick. You may as well know that I resent your interference. I resent it damnably."

"All right," said Richard.

The following day he wired Jim at Liverpool: "After finished there please cross to Dublin. Tell Dublin agent am dissatisfied with last quarter's turnover. Must improve or resign. Posting to you at his address list of overdue accounts; collect as many as you can. Afterwards wish you proceed Glasgow. Instructions by letter."

"That'll test him," reflected Richard. "And, my lord, won't he have his knife into me! . . . I'll keep him running up and down the country for a month if necessary."

The same evening he left promptly at six for Darley. At half-past eight, in the gathering dusk, he was walking along the outskirts of Horley Wood on the river-side.

"Must be somewhere about here he meets her," he mused, "and somewhere about this time."

He was taking a step which, if misunderstood, might be considered contemptible; but to this he was indifferent. He intended to assure himself that Jim's estimation of the girl, and especially her circumstances, was a correct one.

And all at once he was the witness of a curious incident. A girl came running through the bushes, followed by a man; and within a few yards of him the man reached her, and dealt her so violent a blow that she fell sprawling. In another moment he had perceived Richard, and doubling back, dashed off through the trees.

Richard made no movement to follow him. A singular smile was on his lips as he walked up to the girl. A brightly-coloured kerchief was tied over her hair, her dress was dirty and ragged; she lay with her face on her arm, moaning.

"A clever trick," said Richard; "but an old one."

The girl did not move, but the moaning ceased. "A clever trick, I say," repeated Richard. "Get up."

She remained still.

"If you don't," continued Richard pleasantly, "I shall pick you up and carry you into Bewdle—and give you in charge."

She sat up at that. She was pretty, undeniably, but just now her prettiness was marred by a scowl of hate.

"Get up," said Richard again. "That's right. No; don't run away. I can easily catch you, and I may give you in charge after all. Your man is skulking within distance, I see. Is he your husband? . . . Answer me!" he commanded curtly.

"Yes." Her poise was defiant, but her eyes terrified.

"Have you any children?"

"Two."

"Well, play this trick on a passer-by again, and I'll have the whole colony of you moved on. You can go now."

Richard wrote an explanation to Jim that night. It was briefly put, and revealed no hint of the amusement he felt.

"Thank heaven I can tell him by letter!" thought Richard. "He wouldn't like to hear it with my eye on his phiz. . . . What's the odds against his ever referring to the matter again?"

[Another of these stories will appear next week.—EDITOR.]

SPEND THE TWOPENCE.

When you are spending two shillings for a taxi-cab to carry you and your belongings to the station on the way to the holiday train do not be over-careful of the odd pence. It is such a common fad—for it is really nothing else—for a "fare" to take half his belongings into the cab with him in a supposed desire to be economical.

Take the advice of an old hand and let the driver have charge of your traps. It will cost you twopence a package, but it will save you—what? Why, thousands of twopences in comfort and composure and self-respect. It is a fatal, a poisonous, plan to drive to the station with half a dozen packages stacked up around you. It spoils your comfort, makes you feel hot and angry, and generally ruffles and sets the note of discomfort for the entire journey.

Moreover, if you have a special fishing-rod or a favourite tennis racquet that should have your care, you will have to neglect it for the less pleasant task of preventing your kit bag from falling on your toes.

In the train, too, do not be afraid of letting all your labelled packages go into the van. It is a nuisance to you and to all your fellow-passengers to have the seats bunged up with bags and boxes.

See the things labelled and then forget them. The company takes over the responsibility for their care.

THOSE FLIES!

One of the tortures of a field day, when the sun is pouring down on the column, is the irritating fly which perches either on the end of the nose or on the forehead. To keep this little beast off smear a little oil of cloves on the nose, forehead, and cheeks.

In addition to stopping the fly nuisance, one has a pleasant smell of apple-pie with one always to act as a substitute of a meal on a long march.

COMPETENT MEN

are always in demand, and we always have a large number of positions open for men possessed of Special Ability—Technical or otherwise. If you are possessed of such ability, and have a character which is proven or provable, write us to-day—or call.

HAPGOODS Ltd., 163-167, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. Barton Arcade, 55, Deansgate, Manchester.

HOT WEATHER MISTAKES

SOME ERRORS MOST MEN MAKE

It is a delightfully sunny summer's day such as we see only too seldom in England. On the smooth green grass of the field, the sun shines down with effusive warmth, and the majestic English trees round about are unswept by a single breath of wind, and in a shimmering mist of heat.

You have been battling for an hour and your efforts in the compilation of a satisfactory score have brought out shining beads of moisture on your forehead; so that last you hear the click of the tumbler behind you, and a confident cry of "that?" your mortification at your discomfited by a certain feeling of relief. The shady awning of the pavilion you happily into a hammock chair.

Then some delicious-looking ices on a close by attract your wandering gaze; and stretch out a hand that shakes slightly as a result of a long spell of vigorous hitting.

It is only next day, when you experience a headache and an unshakable feeling of discomfort, that you realise that the eating of ice in your over-heated condition was one of many hot-weather mistakes that most men make.

The very hot days of the summer are when the greatest care should be exercised in the matter of what you eat and drink, and also how you order your life in many other little significant ways.

For instance, it is a great mistake to drink spirits, even in the smallest quantities, on hot days; but you will very often see a man drink a glass of whisky and soda when the thermometer is at 80deg. in the shade, thinking that the addition of the soda renders the drink innocuous. But in reality it only heightens its injurious effect.

The objection to spirits in such weather is that it is more liable to go to the head, as people imagine, but rather that it tends to heat and stimulate an organism that is already overheated.

Though it may appear paradoxical, the drink that cools a heated body the quickest is a hot tea. China tea is especially effective for men who have not sufficient fortitude to drink light beer, such as lager, or plain water is the hot-weather beverage.

Even on the most torrid day, refrain from sitting in a draught. Unequal distribution of heat acting on a heated body, is well known by doctors to arrest the circulation of the blood, and so to produce different kinds of uncomfortable disorders.

Sit by all means at an open window, but see that the door of the room is shut, so that there may not be what is known as a "draught."

Every year a large number of men suffer from a sunstroke of varying degrees of severity, and this is not to be wondered at when one considers the immense number of men who go about head in hot weather.

When the heat of the sun is very strong, you should always wear a straw hat with as wide a brim as possible; but if you have the misfortune to work in an office where a top hat, or at any rate a bowler is made *de rigueur*, an excellent substitute is a cabbage-leaf in the crown. You may wear a lettuce-leaf is the best thing. You may be slightly dismayed if, on raising your head gallantly to a lady acquaintance in the street, you find a goodly supply of rabbit-food drops to the face; but, if you are wise, you will take into consideration this contingency in the more important interests of your general well-being.

Finally, it is presumable that a large number of men in the hot weather will seek the cooling waters of the sea or the swimming-bath. No matter how grateful may be the immersion in cold water, it is most unwise to continue it for any length of time.

As soon as you become in the slightest degree conscious that the water is chilly, come out. In any case, you ought to limit the duration of your dip to a quarter of an hour.



BRIEF REPLIES.

Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries, of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.

J. E. (West Hendon).—The best way to clean your League badge is to apply jeweller's rouge with an old tooth-brush.

M. W. (Willesden).—If you have some really good ideas for advertisements, send them to some large agent.

F. N. (Bury).—It is usual for booksellers to allow a discount to school-teachers and clergymen.

J. A. (Lee).—Send your pictures to Christie's; they will always give an opinion on antiques.

L. Q. (Hammersmith).—Oil of cloves will keep away the flies. Mr. Mitchell dealt with the subject in a recent number.

A. N. (Norwich).—The general advice to stage aspirants is "Don't." If a professional of good standing has recommended you to try, it is perhaps worth it. At all events, don't give up your present job before you have been definitely engaged.

G. B. (Stroud).—The magazine rates to Canada are cheaper than in England, and that accounts for the cheaper subscription.

A. S. (Watford).—For a traveller such libraries as allow of books being exchanged at different branches are the best. Boot's, for instance, do this.

J. E. (Wealdstone).—There are innumerable handbooks on the subject of poultry-keeping; consult one of these.

G. P. (York).—Wait and see!

D. H. (Reading).—Linotype operators are well paid in Canada, but it would be advisable to secure a job before going out.

J. J. H. (Cricklewood).—You have not given us sufficient warning. We could readily have found you a companion for your cycling holiday, but not before the date you name.

F. T. B. (Bexhill).—Best thanks for the photos. You and your friends look a pretty hefty lot.

J. H. (Appley Bridge).—You would be ill-advised to give up farming for a town life at your age. The attractions of the town would soon wear off, and you would find yourself longing to be home again.

A. P. K. (Salisbury).—Don't make a habit of physic your dog. Look after his food, and give him plenty of exercise. Sour milk will cure him of worms.

J. M. (Walsall).—If your boots will not take the polish so well as you would like, tree them, and leave them for some time in a warm room but not near the fire. You will be able to polish them easily after that.

R. H. (Warrington).—We cannot undertake to criticise manuscripts in this column. Do you realise that we get some hundreds a week?

P. J. McV. (Tipperary).—We have never said anything against Roman Catholicism. We respect all Christian creeds.

B. W. G. (Stoke Newington).—To train for your swimming race, practise a distance slightly greater than that fixed for the race itself; thus you will be certain of being able to stay the course. The best way to build up stamina is to walk a lot.

P. P. (Newport).—We have the highest esteem for the infantryman, be he Regular or Territorial.

WM. TAYLOR ("Carisbrooke," Suffolk Road, Foulmer End, N.) wants to meet a reader in his district who is interested in boxing.

W. J. (Sheffield).—The best way to find lodgings in London is to consult the advertising columns of the "Daily Telegraph" and the "Evening News."

J. E. H. (Wembley).—If it appeared in THE MODERN MAN you may depend upon its being correct.

B. D. B. (London, E.C.).—Don't be an ass. See a doctor and give him your complete confidence.

R. T. R. (Ashton-on-Mersey), A. G. (Derby), Mrs. L. (Morecambe), J. C. G. (Glasgow), J. B. S. (Rochdale), H. D. (Okehampton), G. W. H. (Pannal), H. B. (Nunbury), S. S. F. (Barnstaple), A. P. (Lincoln), H. H. (Barnley), G. H. G. M. (Sheffield).—We are much obliged.



MIXED AND OTHERWISE.

Walking parties may be of either the "cock-and-hen" or the "stag" variety.

The mixed walking party often resolves itself into a mere excuse for philandering with a pretty girl, but don't run away with the idea that they are all like that.

I made that mistake once, and I have never forgotten it. I was invited to join a mixed walking party, and, thinking that it would be the usual humbugging sort of affair, I arrayed myself in purple and fine linen—that is, in a new light grey summer suit and nice new brown boots with thin soles and pointed toes.

I had my misgivings when I saw the rest of the party, clad in well-worn garments and heavily shod, and my forebodings were more than justified.

It wasn't a walking party—it was a mountaineering expedition.

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.

We started up a steep grass slope, slippery as ice. I forgot to mention that there was one lady in the party who, like myself, had not come prepared to emulate the feats of Mr. Whymper. She was a buxom matron who weighed 12 stone if she weighed an ounce, and, either by malicious design or accident, she was given into my charge.

I had to help her up the grass slope, and it was a bit of a problem. If I got ahead and tried to pull her up I slipped, she followed suit, and we did a Jack-and-Jill act down the hill. I tried shoving from behind, but that was even worse. I slipped again, and she sat on my head. However, after incredible exertions, we reached a sort of platform beneath huge overhanging rocks, and I heaved a sigh of relief.

But apparently this was merely the beginning of our "walk." Our goal lay above these overhanging rocks, which I now perceived were festooned with rusty chains.

SLOW PROGRESS.

I think the other members of the party had been there before, for they went up like lamp-lighters, but my fat—I mean fair—friend and I had a terrible time of it.

I pushed from behind, while two strong men hauled from above, but at least half a dozen times her dainty foot slipped and caught me a frightful crack on the jaw.

When at last I reached the top, my beautiful light grey suit was covered with rust, I had torn one knee of the trousers, my collar—it was in the days before the invention of the double turn-over—had become a mere dirty wisp round my neck.

I now found that we had come to pick flowers. My interest in flowers was never great—it was absolutely nil at that moment.

WALKING PARTIES

I wanted about six big whiskies and small sodas, but apparently we were to have tea on our return to town. I saw myself entering a fashionable tea-shop and being thrown out for a tramp.

About these flowers. I don't know what kind they were, but they were something like hyacinths (all this happened at Capetown), horribly sticky, and carried more earwigs to the square inch than any other sort of flowers I ever came across.

A TEST OF ENDURANCE.

My partner loaded me up with these abominations, and then we began the descent. I don't know whether you have ever tried to assist a stout and hysterical lady to climb down an overhanging rock as big as a house, with no support but a rusty chain, with both your arms full of sticky flowers, and about two million earwigs and other insects crawling all over you, but if you haven't tried it, believe me, it takes some doing.

Of course, we slipped, but providentially she reached the ground first. I cannoned off her, shot down the grass slope until arrested by a cactus bush. I gathered together my fragments, limped to the road, hailed a passing Cape cart, and told the grinning Kafir to drive like Hades to the nearest Saloon Bar.

I don't know what became of my partner on that alleged walking party, for I left Capetown soon afterwards (in an ambulance), but this tragic tale is by way of emphasising the fact that if invited to a "cock-and-hen" walking party, it is not safe to assume that it will be a mere flirtatious stroll, more especially in these days of athletic young women.

A MAN'S WALKING PARTY.

But the kind of walking party I meant to talk about is the man's walking party, the sort of weekly excursion that George Meredith used to delight in.

There is one type of man who will spoil any walking party, and he is the idiot who tries to convert it into a walking match.

The best plan is to appoint one man as leader and let him set a pace suited to the slowest member of the party. We cannot all be fast walkers, and the man who has to be continually breaking into a trot in order to keep up, is going to have the bottom knocked out of his enjoyment.

There should be no competitive element in a walking party, and the aim should be not to reach your destination so exhausted that you can hardly drag one leg after another, but to get there fresh and vigorous, mind, appetite, and muscle whetted and stimulated by a sufficiency of exercise.

The chatterer is a dreadful nuisance in a walking party. He seems to think you have no eyes in your head, and persists in calling your attention to beauties of scene which are perfectly apparent to you, which you would much rather enjoy in silence.

ADVANTAGES OF SILENCE.

You needn't be a morgue (as the Yankees picturesquely put it) at a walking party, but at the same time friends are often most eloquent when they are silent.

A walking party of the right sort of men is a most delightful form of excursion, and for the man who is cooped up in an office all the week there is no better relaxation.

It is glorious to swing away across country over downs and hills, and a pipe seldom tastes so good as when, after an hour or so's steady tramping, you take a "breather" on the uplands. Then, before you have time to get stiff, up and away again down to the distant inn, where they have cold beef and ale worthy of your appetite.

G. THOMAS.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

A SHIRT CUFF HINT.

I don't know of any type of shirt that is so comfortable to wear, especially in hot weather, as the open-work cotton shirt which admits a current of air to and from the skin.

It is usually finished off at the wrist with a band or cuff, but nearly always this band is made too wide, with the result that your cuff slips down over your wrist in a manner which is unsightly.

There is no reason to blame the shirt makers, for they have to allow for men with big wrists and long arms. Very little trouble on your part will put this matter right. Simply have the button set back an inch, or whatever distance may be necessary, so as to make the wrist-band smaller. This will effectually prevent it from coming down over your hand.

You may bribe your landlady, or that useful lady friend—either sweetheart or sister—to whom I have so often referred, or you can do the job for yourself.

THE "HOUSEWIFE."

Talking of these matters reminds me of the fact that every man ought to have a "housewife" at hand. I am speaking, of course, not of the human variety, but of that useful little collection of needles, thread, and buttons, encased in a piece of leather, which should always be upon your dressing-table.

You can buy a "housewife" for a shilling or five shillings, according to its quality.

But in most cases, whatever the price you pay, it is necessary to alter it a little bit before you can bring it to its highest degree of usefulness.

One of the best additions I can suggest, is to include in it half a dozen of those metallic buttons which can be fixed on your trousers without needle and thread. I have forgotten what they are called, but the front and back are so made that they can be forced through the cloth into a spring socket, thus forming a button which is quite as effective as the variety you sew on, and which is much more easily fixed.

In the "housewife" I think it advisable also to have a reel of brown thread. A button may come off your glove or off your breeches, and neither black nor white thread would quite do for sewing it on. Brown thread is what you want, and brown thread you must have.

Another thing that is essential in your "housewife" is a pair of good scissors.

Armed with such a "housewife," a man is to a great extent independent of his women-folk.

No longer is it necessary for him to wait impatiently while a button is being put on, for he can do the job himself.

BREECHES STRAPPINGS.

It is essential that the buckskin strappings on riding-breeches should be kept in good condition by the frequent application of water and a suitably coloured leather ball.

If the strappings on your breeches are blue, you, of course, buy a blue ball, and if they are brown you buy a brown one.



The way to clean strappings is to sponge off all marks with soap and water, then to moisten the whole strapping, and to rub it well with the leather ball.

The matter does not end there, however. Frequently you will see a man wearing breeches, the strappings of which have obviously been cleaned in this way, but which look stiff and unworkman-like.

You want the strappings of your breeches to appear pliable and serviceable.

This end can be obtained only by rubbing the strappings thoroughly after they are perfectly dry.

Do not apply a brush to them, for that will make them shine. Squeeze them and pinch them between the fingers till the dust from the leather ball is brought out, and then you can blow it or shake it off.

WRISTLET WATCHES.

There are obvious advantages in wearing a watch strapped upon the wrist.

One of them is that you know the time without having the trouble of taking the watch out of your pocket, and another is that you can ascertain the hour without the person to whom you are talking knowing that you are doing so.

Until recently the only form of wristlet watch was a rather clumsy affair fitted to a heavy leather strap and case, but the wristlet watches now in vogue are little bigger than a shilling.

They are so small that they never get in the way of the cuff, and theoretically they are wholly ideal.

In practice, however, they have a nasty habit of going wrong.

The reason for their doing so may be deficient workmanship in the watch. You cannot expect a first-class timekeeper unless you pay a fair price, and you must remember that the strain put upon a watch worn on the wrist is much greater than that put upon a watch that is worn only in the pocket.

The chief reason, however, that many wristlet watches do not keep good time is that so many men are in the habit of washing their hands without removing their watches from the wrist.

I happen to have learnt the lesson from experience.

The wristlet watch I am in the habit of wearing was guaranteed by the makers to be one of the best procurable, and great was my annoyance when it ceased to tick. I returned it to the makers, and was informed by them that there was, inside the case, a considerable quantity of water, which had obviously got there through my washing my hands without removing the watch from my wrist.

Since then I have been more careful, and the watch has given me no further trouble.

I recommend the hint to those whom it may concern.

A HAIR TIP.

One has only to visit the barber's shop to discover how varied, and how excellent, are the dressings one can purchase for the hair.

Every barber has his own particular dressing, which appears to his customer, at the moment anyhow, to be the best procurable.

In my own opinion, nearly all the dressings sold are good. In most cases what the hair wants is frequent washing, to get all the dust out of the scalp, and frequent anointing with

grease in one form or another, in order to keep the hair from becoming dry.

If you ask a bald man whether he has been in the habit of using anything for his hair, he will, in nine cases out of ten, inform you that he most certainly has not, and that he considers all hair preparations to be useless. The condition of his head is sufficient evidence as to the value of his arguments.

Some sort of hair dressing is nearly always necessary, and most of us are content if we find something which is not too expensive, which will keep the hair flat, and which smells pleasantly.

There are times, however, when it is not practicable to carry about with one a bottle of hair lotion or a jar of pomade. Under such circumstances I recommend you to use a stick of pure shaving soap.

It always pays to buy shaving soap of good quality, and in the matter of hair-dressing is essential that it should be pure.

The method of using it is simple. Dip your hair brushes in water before applying them to your head, so that the hair is wetted evenly all over. Then rub the shaving stick over it. You will find that this will keep your hair in trim for many hours.

SUITS

Patterns sent to any part of the world of our fashionable suits, 26/6 to 52/6, together with measurement forms and illustrated book of styles. Self-measurement guaranteed, or we return your money.

lengths supplied from 3/- per yard.

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SPECIALLY FINE FLANNEL SUITS.



You CAN buy a ready-made flannel suit, but it never looks well except in the shop window.

Our flannel suits, though moderate in price, are made of specially soap-shrunk materials, and are cut and tailored with all the care and skill that have made our name famous.

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Any personal fancy of your own will be carried out without extra charge.

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All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason. In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold. **In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.** There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor and crossed "A. & Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Clothe yourself on the Instalment System. Suits cut by experts, prices from 42s., instalments 5s. monthly. Be measured at home. Full particulars, telling how, from the Good Wear Co. (Dept. 35), 6, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton. Always Well-dressed on 1s. a Year. "Clothelena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly. Bottle 1s. post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth. Two gent's shirts, stiff fronts and cuffs; brand new, never been used; what offers or exchange?—Box 3290, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Wanted, Army Service Corps officer's full dress tunic, shoulder and sword belts, height 67in., chest 37in.—Box 3321, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. For suits of latest style and finish at price to suit all see Brierley & Co.'s advt., page 24. Gentleman's grey tweed hunting suit, trousers and breeches, £2; white breeches, 15s.; whipcord breeches, 15s., 5ft. 9in., 39in., 43in.; riding boots, nines, good condition.—Box 3322, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Coloured flannel suit, almost new, height 5ft. 9in. What offers?—Box 3323, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Brown riding boots, nines, £1; tandem horn, coaching horn, leggings, riding breeches.—Box 3324, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Modern anglers say they get absolute value for money by purchasing direct from the makers, Albert Smith and Co., Dominion Works, Redditch, Worcs. Catalogues free, containing everything for fly, sea, British labour. Quality guaranteed. Packing and delivery free. Wanted, bagatelle board, must be in good condition and cheap.—Box 3257, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. A pair of Richardson's skates, aluminium wheels, size six, good condition; cost 25s. What offers?—Box 3325, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Miniature War Office rifle, 22 bore, sighted 200yds., perfect condition. Cost 45s.; accept 30s., or nearest offer.—Box 3326, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Bagatelle, folding, mahogany, 8ft. long, 30in. wide, all accessories, indiarubber cushion, suit institute, absolutely faultless, £9 9s.; take £2 7s. 6d.—Box 3327, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Six-chambered plated pocket bulldog revolver, perfect; 10s. 6d.—Box 3328, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Genuine split cane fly rod, extra top, cork grip, N fittings, 8oz., unused, 7s. 6d.; landing net, jointed handle, 3s. 6d.; reel, 1s.; bargains.—Box 3329, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Billiard table, by Orme, good condition, size 7ft. 11in. by 4ft. 3in., slate bed, cues, rack, rest, marking board, iron, full set of balls. What offers?—Box 3330, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Camera, 18 by 13, C. M. Sanderson, hand or stand, with removal stereoscopic division, Beck Isostigmat lens, 1/5.8, in Celveret shutter, Goerz-Anschutz focal plane shutter, Thornton-Pickard stereoscopic shutter, 3 double dark slides, tripod stand, case, complete, as new, with stereoscopic 1/2 plate adapters; cost £23, 10s., or nearest offer.—Box 3335, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Good hand camera and printing frames, in perfect condition; cost £2 2s., will accept 10s.—Box 3336, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Rudge-Whitworth 8-guinea cycle (26in.), new condition; what offers? Take reliable-make 4-plate camera part payment.—M. M., 396, Shields Road, Glasgow. Gentleman's cycle, in good condition, just had new free wheel, tyres, pedals, and cranks, pump, lamp, &c., included; worth 70s., sacrifice 45s.—Box 3338, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Gentleman's cycle, Centaur Featherweight, Fagan 2-speed gear, 2 rim brakes, gear case, &c., very little used, 28in. wheels; cost £20, take £5.—Box 3339, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Splendid oak zither banjo and case, excellent condition, splendid tone; £2.—Box 3341, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Century Book of Gardening. Recently published. Quite new. Cost 22s. Accept 15s.—Box 3320, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. "Modern Man," No. 1 to 83. 4s.—Price, 4, Sunnyside, Wavertree, Liverpool. Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study and leads to highest speeds; learned in twelve lessons; interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

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To Secretaries of Clubs, and others, &c.—Write for particulars of unique agency to Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea. For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 22. 30s. to £5 per week for work done at home. We provide materials. Send for particulars to the National Home-Employment Association, 41, Albemarle Works, Hounslow.

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Aug. 20.

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TO-DAY.**

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Everyone who wishes to keep physically fit, and prevent such illnesses as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Insomnia, should immediately take advantage of testing the wonderful results derived from the use of the Dumb-bells.

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will despatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-bells you have selected. Use them FREE OF CHARGE for seven days, and at the end of that time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as your first payment, and the balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. each, equal to one penny per day.

YOU CAN PUT THREE INCHES ON YOUR CHEST MEASUREMENT and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the GRIP DUMB-BELLS 15 minutes a day for three months.

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SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELL CO.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
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Date.....19.....

Gentlemen,

Please send me by return one pair* of your

Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-bells at	12s. 6d.	Suitable for age 18 and upwards.
Youth's " " "	10s. 6d.	" " " 14 to 18.
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* Please cross out sizes not required.